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Contains Judge Battle's Address at the Reopening of the University Sept. 1875

LAST NOTICE.—No names go on our mail book for 1876 but those of subscribers who have paid *all arrears*, and for such time *in advance* (6 or 12 months,) as they may wish to have the Magazine. Up to the present, we have indulged many, very seriously to our detriment. We can do so no longer. We cannot afford to pay an agent to travel to collect bills. We trust *all* our subscribers will *renew promptly*, for we should hate to sever our connection with any of them; but we shall have to do so unless they remit at once. All, whose time has expired, have had bills sent them, and all whose year begins January, 1876, will find bill for renewal in December number.

Don't fail to pay in time, and if you owe any thing *now* remit it at once. Do not wait for an agent to call on you.

Nov. 1st, 1875. S. D. POOL.

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Our Living and Our Dead;

DEVOTED TO

North Carolina—Her Past, Her Present and Her Future.

Official Organ North Carolina Branch Southern Historical Society

VOL. III.] NOVEMBER, 1875. [No. 5.

HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT.

THE SOLDIER'S HISTORY OF THE WAR;

CONTAINING A NARRATIVE OF

EVENTS, CAMPAIGNS AND BATTLES,

WHICH OCCURRED IN CONNECTION WITH THE

Bloody War, Which took Place in the United States in 1861.

By REV. JOHN PARIS, Late Chaplain 54th Regiment, N. C. Troops.

CHAPTER X.

Great Suffering of the Sick and Wounded of the Confederate Armies—The Patriotic Efforts of the People for their Relief.—The unrivalled Devotion and Self-denying Patriotism of the Ladies of the Confederacy—The Conscription Law—The Substitute Law and its Abuses—McClellan Crosses into Virginia Again—The Yankee Government Plundering the South of Private Property—McClellan Moved from Command and Burnside put at the Head of the Army—Both Armies Confront each other on the Rappahannock—Great Battle of Fredericksburg—Shameful Neglect of the Yankees Shown to Their Dead—Capture of Holly Springs by VanDorn—Battle of Murfreesboro—Battle of Prairie Grove, Arkansas.

IT is due to history to enter a record of some other events connected with the bloody struggle as it progressed. The battles

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of Jackson in the Valley of the Shenandoah, of Johnston and Lee on the Chickahominy, and the subsequent battles of Cedar Run, Second Manassas and Sharpsburg, with the forced marches, privations and sufferings of the Confederate troops, caused an immense amount of sick and wounded to accumulate upon the hands of the government. Immense hospitals were provided at Richmond, capable of containing many thousands of the unfortunate defenders of the South, who needed medical and surgical attention. The battles of the Chickahominy alone filled these buildings to overflowing, and its best exertions for the moment, for the relief of suffering humanity, were embarrassed. But the patriotism of the country came forward to its assistance. Citizens from a distance, with a magnanimity worthy of all praise, and a generosity that should never be forgotten, agreed to receive as many of the unfortunate wounded into their houses and families as they might feel prepared to take care of, under the circumstances—to keep, nurse, and provide for all their wants, until their wounds should be sufficiently healed to enable them to report for duty to their commands. Committees from the interior of Virginia and Carolina, were sent forward to Richmond to bring out on the railroad trains the suffering wounded who could bear transportation. Vast numbers of these were received at the stations and depots along the line of the roads, and distributed among the patriotic families of the villages and country, who did all in their power to promote the comfort of the unfortunate soldiers, for no other fee or remuneration, than the approbation of a good conscience.

Hospitals were likewise established at Gordonsville, Staunton, Mount Jackson, Lynchburg and Danville, upon a large scale. At Raleigh, Goldsboro, and Greensboro, in North Carolina; Columbia, in South Carolina; Augusta and Atlanta, in Georgia; Chattanooga, in Tennessee, and at other points where the wants and necessities of the army might dictate.

In Virginia soon after the great battles, the sufferings of the sick and wounded were very great. But while the surgeons and nurses were unable to render all the aid and comfort to the suffering that the dictates of humanity would suggest, the tender female, whose heart ever sympathizes with suffering and affliction, forsook the parlors of ease and fashion, and sought the "cot" of

the sick and wounded defenders of her country, to offer her assistance for his relief.

The ladies of the South, with a heroism and nobility peculiar to their character, and which has never been surpassed, if equalled, in the palmiest days of Sparta, or of Rome, came forth as the ministering angel of Mercy, to watch around the couch of the suffering and dying; to solace them with words of comfort, and acts of kindness; to administer to their wants with such suitable nourishments as woman's hand can prepare, and woman's kindness best administer. If it was a day that tried the souls of men, the women of the South were not found wanting when tried in that day. They proved themselves equal to the task. Like guardian angels, by day and by night, they watched around the cot of the unfortunate, to cheer him in his lonely hour of suffering. If he were hungry they fed him; if he were naked they clothed him; if he were far from home and friends, they became his friends; if he were despondent, they cheered him with their smiles and words of encouragement, and bade him hope;—and if he died, they stood around his couch in the last hour, and when life's blood was ebbing to flow no more, wiped the cold sweat from his pallid brow, caught the last words that fell from his faltering tongue and transmitted them to friends at his distant home. And when his cold clay was laid in the silent grave, far away from the friends and the loved ones of his youth, the fairest hands of the South planted around that grave the sweetest flowers of spring, and bedecked the stranger's tomb with evergreens, with all the tenderness of womanly love.

Suffer not my feeble pen to be accused of a grave error, if it here records the fact that the deep impressions made by some of these ministering angels of earth, upon the objects of their kindness, that when restored to health and strength once more, they have been known in good faith, and from the softest feelings of manly hearts, to make an offer of heart and hand for life, to such fair guardians who had watched around them in the dark hour of suffering, and in equal faith such offers have been accepted. Let no one offer blame here. Such a man would be too brave to do wrong, and too generous to be less than a faithful husband.

But in the emergency which now arose from the violence with which the war was prosecuted, and the stringency of the blockade

which rendered it almost impossible for the government to furnish the amount of clothing necessary for the comfort of the troops, the ladies of the South organized into societies, for the purpose of making, providing and furnishing such clothing as might be possible, to meet the wants of the men in the field. Of this work they grew weary, neither by day nor by night; and great was the relief their fair hands often afforded. With a magnanimity worthy of their own beloved, which gave them birth, and a heroism never outdone, they denied themselves many of the comforts of life, that the wants of their defenders on the field of battle might be supplied. Along the lines of the railroads upon which the sick and wounded were generally transported, committees of these noble ladies were often seen, travelling to meet at some distant point of connection, the trains bearing the sick and wounded, in order to administer to the relief of their wants, with such cordials and nourishments as their weakness demanded, and in this capacity to accompany the travelling cortege until it reached some other given point, where they would be relieved by another committee of the same noble spirits. England, proud England, may boast of her Florence Nightingale, but the Sunny South can point with becoming pride to thousands of her daughters, whose devotion and heroism, under severe trials, have never been surpassed.

Were they rebels? If they were, they have shed a lustre upon the "name," that enstamps it with a nobility that will live in history. Noble ladies! Illustrious daughters of the gallant men who followed the immortal but more fortunate Washington, through the dark days of the American revolution, when, he too, was branded with the epithet of "rebel," which he nobly wore, until fortune compelled his enemies to accord to him another, but not less noble character. You have erected a monument to your memory that will endure while patriotism has a friend, or liberty a votary. The noble virtues that you have illustrated are worthy of the historian's pen and the poet's song, and unborn generations will sing your praise.

During the first year of the war, the armies of the Confederacy were composed of volunteers, who came forth for the defence of their country, by the promptings of patriotism and a sense of duty. It may be said of these men that they were the elite of the

land. With willing hearts as a matter of choice, they stepped forth to fight for their country. Better, braver, or more reliable men were never marshalled upon the field of battle. The world has never produced their superiors. These are the men whose deeds of daring and of valor have filled the world with the fame of Lee, of Johnston, of Jackson, of Beauregard, of Stuart and of Hampton. They were men worthy of such leaders, and these were leaders worthy of such men.

The first troops that were called out by the Confederate Government, were volunteers for twelve months. But early in the year 1862, it became apparent that owing to the expiration of the term of service for which the greatest amount of troops had been received, and the tardiness with which volunteers were coming forward, that the armies would not be able to keep the field in the face of the vast and overwhelming forces the Yankee Government was bringing into service for the campaign. The Congress of that period was composed of men capable of comprehending the dangers which were menacing the country, and with a promptitude becoming the emergency, passed such enactments, as were calculated to meet the crisis, and avert the threatened danger, by filling up the diminished ranks, and preparing for the shock of the opening campaign. By an act of Congress, all men capable of performing military duty, between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five years were conscripted to serve for the war; liberal bounties, with a furlough of thirty days, were to be given to those who were over thirty-five years of age, and who had served as volunteers for twelve months, if they would volunteer again; and all who were then in the service, as twelve months' volunteers, were to be retained in service three months beyond the expiration of their term, in order to keep up the strength of the army so as to meet the exigency of public danger. By an enacting clause, passed by Congress, it was provided that any man might put a substitute in his place in the ranks. This law, called the "substitute law," was greatly abused, and caused much damage to the public service. It provided that the substitute must be over forty-five years of age. Many over that age, tempted by liberal offers of money from gentlemen whose patriotism furnished them with no taste for "the tented field," or the smell of gunpowder, readily and greedily accepted such offers, and

took the oath required. But after the cash had been received the main object was accomplished on their part, as a general rule, and subterfuges of all sorts were resorted to, such as "pains and miseries," before officers and surgeons, for the purpose of obtaining a discharge; and failing in this, then came desertion. Some few were to be found who strove to keep their places in the ranks, but the general result was, that their strength soon gave way, under the exposure of the service, and they only contributed to fill up the hospitals, and add to the public encumbrance. During the latter part of 1862, the conscription law was amended by Congress, so as to embrace all persons fit for military duty, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five. After the passage of this amendment, the substitute business had a brisk run in the country, especially in the Army of Northern Virginia. A numerous class, who were not ambitious of military honors, or amateurs of the public service in the field, were soon found bidding for substitutes, and offering large sums to such as would agree to take their places in the ranks, hoping to be thereby shielded from the force of the general conscription law. The love of money prompted some wretched specimens of humanity to become agents to procure substitutes. The business was profitable. Extortion, cheating, and swindling upon a grand scale were often carried on. The purlieus of Richmond alone could furnish hundreds, if not thousands, of willing candidates for the post of substitute; men whose physique would bespeak the age of thirty, would unblushingly make oath that they were over forty-five years of age, born in Ireland, Maryland, Kentucky, or Missouri—pocket the money paid down by the principals, and within forty-eight hours desert, and offer themselves as substitutes, within a few days, at some other place, and go through the same operation again. It was customary in some regiments, with a certain class of officers receiving such substitutes into their companies, to retain one-half the money given the substitute, in their own hands, for which they gave him a receipt, in which they bound themselves to refund the money thus retained, whenever they should become satisfied that the substitute would not desert. If he deserted, of course he would not presume to present his receipt, to claim at the hands of his captain the money thus conditionally retained. And if he was not arrested and brought back, the money would

become an official perquisite to the officer holding the same. Hence some officers holding such money, had not the strongest inducements to secure the arrest of such deserters from their companies, as it was more profitable to retain the cash than to run the risk of paying it back. Thus the love of money became the root of a sad evil. The government at length put an end to such abuses by legal enactments which placed in the ranks all who were capable of military duty, without any regard to the fact that they had employed substitutes.

Congress at the same time passed an enacting clause of exemptions, by which persons under certain specified circumstances or conditions were exempted from the force of the Conscription Act. By this law, any one who owned and worked on a farm the number of twenty negroes above a certain age, was exempted from the force of the conscription. This law produced deep dissatisfaction among the soldiers in the field. It was commonly called "the twenty nigger law," and sometimes "the rich man's law." As it granted special privileges to a favored few, by exempting them from serving their country in the field, because they were the owners of so many slaves, it was *felt* by multitudes in the army, not thus favored, as an insult offered to their poverty.

The object of the Confederate Congress in passing this law was a good one, but it was difficult to affect good by it under the circumstances. It manifested a difference of interests, and produced a conflict of feeling unfortunate in its tendency. The question of supplies for the army and the country, was to be considered as a grave one. As the conscription was carrying nearly all the strength of the country into the army, it was necessary for some, who could control and manage the slave labor, to remain at home, and so govern and direct such labor that the country might produce the necessary subsistence for the population at home, and their defenders in the field.

Multitudes, in some parts of the country, sought to evade the operations of the law. They were loud in their protestations of patriotism, and valiant for fight at a distance, until required to appear before the enrolling officer and undergo an examination with respect to their ability to perform military duty, when the whole man would suddenly become metamorphosed into a differ-

ent character. The hearty and active fox hunter, with the brawling bar room bully, would now assume the most sickly and infirm condition. Some of the most robust would adopt the crutch or the staff as the only aid by which they could limp, or hop about. Others would have "miseries all over." Some would profess to have "pains and aches" within. Others would profess to be affected with a heart disease, of a new and unheard of character. Some others would come forward before the medical board afflicted with diseases as named by themselves, unknown and unheard of before, in the whole catalogue "of ills to which flesh is heir to." The assembled crowd at the board of some examinations, have been known to present the most ludicrous appearance. The active and robust walking upon crutches; the stout and rosy-cheeked, with shoulders stooping, heads upon their breasts, with faces as grave as a hypochondriac, and coughing as if a bone had found lodgment in their throats; all insisting upon their inability to serve their country, and contending that the skill of the medical board was defective, if the surgeon failed to discover their hidden infirmities. While another class less pretentious but not less patriotic, would petition the government to be exempted from service upon the plea that their services in the community could not be dispensed with. Such a development of the hypocrisy of human nature was scarcely ever made in any other age or clime.

On the 23d of October, General McClellan, who had lain quite still on the northern side of the Potomac, crossed the river at a point below Harper's Ferry, and concentrated his whole force in Loudon county, near Leesburg. His government had been urging his advance ever since the battle of Sharpsburg, but his acquaintance with General Lee and "the boys in gray," had not impressed him with feelings of confidence. Being strongly reinforced, and his numerical strength run up to 140,000 men, his army finely equipped and prepared, he had now come forth to the fields of Virginia, once more to try his fortune at arms.

But he had committed one grave error in the eyes of the northern people. From his camp on James river after he had been driven off from Richmond, he ventured to write a letter of counsel and advice to the President, with regard to the manner of conducting the war. In this letter, he advised that the war

should be conducted according to the usages of civilized nations. In this famous epistle, which does his head and heart more credit than any of his battles, he said: "This rebellion has assumed the character of a war; as such it should be regarded, and it should be conducted on the highest principles known to christian civilization. It should not be a war looking to the subjugation of the people of any State, in any event. It should not be at all a war upon population, but against armed forces and political organizations. Neither confiscation of property, political executions of persons, territorial organizations of States, or forcible abolition of slavery should be contemplated for a moment. In prosecuting the war, all private property and unarmed persons should be strictly protected, subject only to the necessity of military operations; all private property taken for military use should be paid, or receipted for; pillage and waste should be treated as high crimes; all necessary trespass sternly prohibited and offensive demeanor by the military towards citizens sternly rebuked. Military arrests should not be tolerated, except in places where active hostilities exist, and oaths not required by enactments constitutionally made, should be neither demanded nor received."

Such counsel as contained in the foregoing extracts did not, and could not, suit the people of the North. Fanatical in their feelings, and disappointed in their plans and expectations, they had no idea of conducting "the war upon the highest principles known to civilization." In profession they seemed to hold themselves to be the most eminently christian people on the face of the earth. But to conduct a war against a people who were fighting for the right to govern themselves, "according to the highest principles known to civilization," did not form an article of their religious creed. Hence this appeal that General McClellan made to Mr. Lincoln by way of recommendation and advice, proved highly offensive to the Yankees at large.

At the same time the Black Republican party, or rather the ultra wing of that party, had begun to urge the President to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States in the prosecution of the war, by inviting them to come within his military lines, and ordering a general emancipation. The Federal Congress had already passed a law by which the property of private citizens was declared contraband. The Yankee Government was

engaged in seizing the cotton and tobacco belonging to the peaceful and quiet farmers of the Southern States, and transporting it North, with as much avidity as if such property really belonged to its treasury. And as it was necessary for the soldiers to have some sort of a showing, who were fighting in the cause of the government, it was only consistent to allow them to appropriate to themselves such goods and chattels of private citizens, as might invite their cupidity, whether such property consisted in counterpanes, pillow slips, ladies' dresses, or the more popular article of teaspoons.

General McClellan was opposed, in heart and soul, to conducting the war on such barbarous principles as these; consequently his popularity which had been all powerful a few months before, began to wane; a rabid party was formed against him, clamorous for his removal from command, and Mr. Lincoln, no doubt supposing that he might stand in his way, removed him from command, and placed General Burnside at the head of the army.

The Army of Northern Virginia had been divided into two corps, and Generals Longstreet and Jackson promoted to Lieutenant Generals. Longstreet was assigned to the first and Jackson to the command of the second corps.

While the enemy was concentrating his main army near Warrenton, Longstreet crossed the Blue Ridge and threw himself into his front, while the second corps under Jackson remained in the Valley near Winchester until the enemy's plan would more plainly develop itself.

Burnside now in command of the army that was once more to make an attempt at the "on to Richmond," had found the arrangements completed for a forward movement, and soon set the army in motion. From indications at first, it seemed probable that he would attempt to follow the path taken by the unfortunate Pope. The corps of Longstreet, with the cavalry under Stuart, confronted him at Culpepper Court House, and occupied the passes of the Rappahannock in that quarter. Through the vigilance and utility of the latter, who made a raid upon the enemy's rear, the fact was developed that the head of Burnside's army was marching for Fredericksburg by moving down the left bank of the Rappahannock.

He had chosen the new and untried route for Richmond by

way of the latter place, hoping no doubt, to be able to seize and occupy the town before his plan should be comprehended by General Lee, and thus secure the passage of the Rappahannock at that place, with his entire army, and, while moving upon Richmond along the line of the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad, that he would be able to receive his supplies from Acquia Creek on the Potomac by the same line of Railroad; and, consequently, if successful in the passage of the Rappahannock, with his huge army of 140,000 men, General Lee would not attempt to offer him battle before he reached the North or South Anna.

A very small, and inadequate force of Confederate troops occupied Fredericksburg, and as soon as the movements of the enemy were fairly developed, Gen. Lee sent forward two divisions under McLaws and Ransom, with one brigade of cavalry, under Brigadier General W. H. Lee to hold the place, and dispute the attempt of the enemy to occupy it, while Longstreet's whole corps soon followed.

On the 21st of November, Gen. Sumner, who commanded the advance corps of Burnside's army, summoned the place to surrender, and notified the authorities that if his demand was not complied with, he would open a bombardment upon the town at nine o'clock on the following day. The demand was heroically refused. Heavy and chilling rains were falling. The roads were mirey and in many places flooded with water. Hostile armies lay on each side of the city, with their artillery facing each other, and it was apparent that the situation of the inhabitants was one of great peril. Sumner failed to execute his threat. General Lee informed the authorities that it was not his intention to occupy the town, yet he should resist any attempt of the enemy to do so. Under these circumstances, the inhabitants were compelled, in the cold and bleak weather of a wintry November to quit their homes, without any preparations, leaving household goods of every description behind, and in one huge, swerving mass of human beings, embracing the aged and infirm, helpless women and children, betake themselves to the country, to seek shelter and food, they knew not where. Some found shelter in the families of friends. Others penetrated into the country to a distance and sought safety among strangers,

while others more helpless and less fortunate, erected for themselves tents in the woods into which they gathered their helpless families for shelter, from the inclemency of winter. They were truly a noble and patriotic people. Sparta never furnished a nobler band. The writer mingled with them for five months while they were suffering all the privations of refugees, after the manner described above, with the certain knowledge that their houses were, in many cases, destroyed, their property plundered and stolen, yet not one murmur or complaint did he hear from any of the sufferers. Barksdale's brigade of Mississippians occupied the town of Frederick'sburg, to dispute any attempt on the part of the enemy to cross the river and seize it.

By the first of December the Second Corps, under Gen Jackson had arrived from the valley of the Shenandoah, and uniting with the other corps took up position in the line of defence as formed by Gen. Lee, and constituted the right wing. About fifteen miles below Fredericksburg stands Port Royal; situated upon the immediate banks of the river, at a point where the high lands seem to be lost in the general depression of the country, it was feared that the enemy would attempt a passage of the river at this place instead of Fredericksburg. D. H. Hill's division of the Second Corps was stationed here to oppose such an attempt. Breastworks of defense were thrown up, and preparrtions made to defeat any attempt of the sort. Several Yankee gunboats had come up the river and were lying below the town. On the fifth of December they were attacked by two batteries of field artillery from Hill's Division. Soon finding that they were engaged in no child's play, and the action growing warm, the gun boats undertook to shelter themselves behind the town from the artillery. For a time they held their position behind the place, but instead of fighting their assailants like brave and honorable men, they directed the principal part of their fire upon the defenceless and unoffending town which did not contain a solitary combatant. No notice had been given of the cowardly attack, no time given for the aged and infirm, the helpless and unprotected females and children to seek places of refuge. And while the "stars and stripes" were gallantly floating over the boats, their guns were most valiantly pouring shot and shell into the town of Port Royal, held only by old men, women and children. But the well

directed shot emitted from the field batteries, soon compelled the enemy to retire down the river, and seek safety beyond the range of the Confederate guns. On the 10th they returned again heavily reinforced, and a hotly contested action took place. But Hill's batteries had also been reinforced, and after an action of about two hours, the fleet of gunboats again retired from the contest.

Everything seemed to indicate that Burnside intended to make an attempt to cross the Rappahannock, and attack the army of Northern Virginia under Gen. Lee, but the cause of his tardiness in movement, was a matter of much speculation among the officers of the Confederate army. But the time was rapidly approaching when these two mighty armies, whose camp fires were nightly burning within full view, should come in bloody conflict with each other.

Fredericksburg stands immediately upon the Southern bank of the Rappahannock; its length along the river may be rated at one mile, whilst in breadth it extends outwardly from the river, nearly three fourths of that distance. The river, which is meandering in its general course, is generally from one hundred and fifty, to two hundred yards in width, and running from west to east. On the northern side of the river the lofty cliffs and hills of Stafford rise up immediately from the banks to a considerable height. Opposite, and below Fredericksburg for a distance of two miles or further, these cliffs were crowned with Burnside's artillery, in many places tier upon tier, and which completely commanded the plateau and town, while nearly all the low lands formed by the valley of the river, lie on the Southern side. These lowlands of the river may be divided into two grades. In retiring from the bank, the first grade is an alluvial formation, apparently modern in its character, and extends from one to two hundred yards, generally from the brink of the river, and is subject to inundation by great freshets. From the termination of this level begins what is called the table land, which is nearly level, with a gentle rise until it strikes the foot of the hills, that in many places swell up abruptly into lofty crests, from fifty to one hundred feet in height. A short distance above the town the table land begins to retire back from the river, and running somewhat after the form of a semi-circle, again approaches towards the river, by a point of highland that is lost in the general

depression, at Hamilton's crossing, about two miles below Fredericksburg, a point at which the railroad from Richmond to Fredericksburg crosses the county road coming from the direction of Port Royal, and running to Chancellorsville. Two or three valleys open through the surrounding hills into the table lands along which small streams make their way to the river, and as they approach the first or lower level next the river their channel sinks to the depth of thirty feet. From Hamilton's crossing the railroad makes a course to the left, around the point of hills coming in towards the river, and runs for some distance nearly parallel with the course of the river, and turning gradually to the right, and passing through the lower end of the town, crosses the Rappahannock. About one mile below the town, the range of hills that swell up around the table land, retire from the river to a distance of two miles. Along the range of hills from a distance of something more than a mile above the town to Hamilton's crossing Gen. Lee had formed his line of defence. His artillery was principally posted upon the highest points or cliffs of the hills. Upon his right, near Hamilton's Crossing, where the railroad curves around a hill that overlooks the plateau were posted several batteries under Colonel Walker, which was the only good position for artillery upon Lee's right wing. Immediately opposite the town stood Marye's heights, which was crowned with several batteries under the command of Colonel Walton. In front of Marye's Hill, the road coming into town from Spottsylvania Court House turns abruptly to the left, and runs a few hundred yards along the front of the hill, almost parallel with the town before it turns to enter the street. At the foot of this hill, the channel of the road had been excavated by washing rains and the repairing of such damages, until its side or bank next the town had become about five feet in height. To prevent this bank from excavating the owner of the adjoining property had walled it up on the road side with a face of stone. In this position Gen. T. R. R. Cobb of Georgia, with his fine brigade was placed. Along the line held by Longstreet, which constituted the left wing, breastworks of logs and earth had been thrown up, with slight abattis in some places; and along the whole line from right to left, and immediately in its rear, a military road had been constructed.

At 3 o'clock on the morning of the 11th of December, two sig-

nal guns, near Gen. Lee's headquarters, gave notice that the enemy was in motion. The long expected time had now come, not only looked for, but ardently desired by the Army of Northern Virginia. Almost every heart seemed to be elated with joy, for battle was expected to bring nothing but victory. The strength of Gen. Lee's Army was estimated in camp at 70,000 men, while Burnside's host was known to amount to 140,000.

The first movement of the enemy was an attempt to throw pontoon bridges across the river, under cover of darkness—one opposite the town and the other about a mile below, near the mouth of Deep Run, a small stream that makes its way from the hills through the plateau to the river. But one regiment was on duty at this place. The main body of Barksdale's Brigade assisted by one Florida regiment, held the town. These troops were posted in cellars, trenches and behind houses near the river to dispute any attempt that might be made to bridge the stream. At Deep Run no works had been thrown up to protect our troops but they played the part of sharp-shooters so successfully that they held their ground against vast odds until noon. The attempt to bridge the river at the town was resisted with heroic resolution. Effort after effort was repelled with heavy loss. In the afternoon, being foiled in so many attempts to throw his pontoons across, Burnside opened his immense train of artillery upon the town, from the Stafford heights on the other side of the Rappahannock. These guns amounted in numbers to more than one hundred and forty, and the bombardment continued without intermission until eight o'clock at night. The scene was terrific yet grand. But few of the guns were distant more than one mile from the town, and each shot or shell, was thrown with destructive precision. This terrible bombardment, after sometime, compelled the Mississippians to retire from the bank towards the centre of the town. A strong detachment of the enemy now crossed the river in boats, in order to clear the town of the Confederates, and protect the party engaged in constructing the pontoon. The fighting with small arms was renewed with fury, and the battle raged from street to street, and from position to position; while all the time the powerful artillery of Burnside continued to rain solid shot and shell upon every part of the devoted town. When darkness came on, the scene was truly grand, to the view of the

Confederate army. On the Stafford heights, the flash of every cannon was visible, while answering to its thundering roar, as it swelled along the Rappahannock, the explosion of the shell in the town seemed to bespeak progress in the work of destruction. The roaring of flames ascending from burning houses, the falling of buildings, and crashing of timbers centributed to heighten the terrors of the night, while a dense and yellow cloud of smoke, mounting up from the conflagration, spread itself over the helpless town like a strange funeral pall. Soon after dark, the Brigade of Barksdale was withdrawn from the place to the lines of defence, near Marye's heights. During the severe bombardment of this day the few of the unfortunate people who had not attempted to follow their neighbors, two weeks before, either from inability or want of inclination, left the town amidst the bursting of shells and falling houses, to save themselves from the common danger;—and Fredericksburg presented the strange appearance of a city deserted of its inhabitants, and, apart from the tumult and sound of war, it more resembled a city of the dead than of the living.

(*To be continued.*)

TERRY'S FORT FISHER EXPEDITION.

By G. F. Towle, *Inspector General of the Expedition.*

The point selected for the attack was the west end of Fisher's land-face, at the place where it intersected the Cape Fear River. Here was a sally-port, or postern, with a bridge over the moat about fifteen feet long by ten wide, by which the road from Wilmington, and Craig's Wharf, entered the fort. The moat was deep, with slimy mud and stagnant water covered with a green scum. Just inside was a strong stockade ten feet high, loop-holed for musketry. At intervals part of this stockade had been knocked down by the navy fire; but on the river side, being more distant and sheltered, it was still very near intact.

Half way along the land front, a bomb-proof postern led through

and under the parapet, from the interior of the fort to the outside. Through it two light pieces had been taken, and posted to sweep down the stockade with an enfilading flank fire.

Two hundred yards outside the stockade were buried numerous torpedoes, each charged with one hundred pounds of powder, to be exploded by electric wires in the midst of an assaulting column. Fortunately, however, the main connecting wires were cut by random navy shells, and the torpedoes remained harmless. The parapet and traverses of Fisher, respectively twenty and thirty feet high, at this point had sustained little or no damage. Twenty-two heavy guns swept all the approaches. Several of these, however, had been disabled.

Ten days before, Beauregard, inspecting this work, had pronounced it impregnable; and he was an engineer of the first ability, the equal of Todleben or Burgoyne. A successful assault of this powerful fort was now the problem to be worked out by Terry.

Ames's division was to form the storming column, in effective strength not more than three thousand men. The Thirteenth Indiana, Lieut-Col. S. M. Zent commanding, armed with the Spencer carbine, had been reduced to about sixty men by casualties in many battles. This regiment, with forty volunteers, making a hundred in all, was to charge forward within one hundred and fifty yards of the fort. The men then, covering themselves by digging pits in the light sandy soil, were to fire into the embrasures, and pick off the Confederate gunners when they essayed to work their pieces.

A detachment of picked men, each furnished with a powder-bag and fuse, preceding the stormers, were to attach them as petards to the stockade. It was supposed that enough would be blown down to give free course to the column. At the last moment, however, this idea was abandoned; the powder-bags were dispensed with.

At noon on the 15th, all the preliminary dispositions were made. Ames's division was formed in column by brigade, the right resting on the Cape Fear, Curtis leading, and about three hundred yards from the fort. These dispositions, superintended by Terry in person, were made under an annoying fire.

At the central position of the captured outlook, he then took

his stand. While pushing the assault in front, it was possible he would be called on to sustain one equally vigorous in his rear. From the well-known character of Bragg and Hoke, it was anticipated they might make a desperate effort to save the fort by storming Paine's lines.

Here, by signals, Terry could advise the character and direction of the naval fire, and control all movements in front and rear as rendered necessary by circumstances.

This point was swept by artillery, and exposed to a persistent fire of the enemy's sharpshooters, who strove especially to pick off Lieut. Beardsley, the signal officer.

Three o'clock, P. M., the hour appointed for the assault, now drew nigh. At that time precisely, Terry signalled the navy to change fire; and, the order being given, Curtis's brigade bounded forward with loud cheers. By Confederate accounts, it was a half hour later.

The last entry made in the journal of the fort was as follows: "3.30, P. M. The enemy is advancing. Gen. Whiting orders all hands to man the parapet." That record there ended forever.

As the brigade neared the moat, it appeared apparently impassable: and that part of the line of battle east of the bridge, of its own accord, immediately executing the movement "right forward! fours right!"—the order of the assault thus became changed, in the left wing, from a deployed line to a column of fours.

All this being done with the utmost celerity, while men were falling on every side, it was necessarily more as a tumultuous crowd, that they thronged impetuously over the bridge, and struck the stockade under a terrible fire, both direct and enfilading. In this they found a few jagged shell holes, that offered admission with difficulty. Though it was certain death that seemed to beckon them on, Curtis and a few adventurous men, struggling through, gained the west traverse; others speedily followed. A foothold was but barely obtained, and the brigade here came to a stand, holding on by the eyelids, as it were, while men fell fast on every side.

Its formation broken up, and leading officers struck down, without speedy support its destruction seemed certain.

The first man to gain the fort's parapet was Sergeant Boardman, the right general guide of the One-Hundred and Seventeenth New York. He planted his guidon on the west traverse, the first Union order on Fort Fisher. In staff and pennon were to be counted sixteen bullet holes.

Five minutes after the advance of Curtis, Pennypacker's brigade came on like an avalanche. In the face of a heavy fire, the waving lines swarmed through the stockade, and swept the enemy from it westward to the river, capturing two hundred prisoners, and getting possession of the sally-port, which they opened from the inside. It was afterwards mistakenly reported among the enemy, that some one of their own number had turned traitor in betraying this gate.

The gaps in the stockade, where Curtis and Pennypacker went through, were only large enough for two men to go abreast; and, for the first few minutes, out of every five who gained the slope of the parapet, three went down dead or wounded.

The two brigades led by Curtis and Pennypacker then advanced eastward along the land-front, carrying each traverse successively against the most desperate opposition; until after two hours fighting with heavy loss, their heroic leaders both severely wounded, and one-half the regimental officers disabled, the crossed bayonet and clubbed rifle stopped them at the eighth traverse.

As soon as Terry saw that a lodgment had been effected, he ordered forward spades and picks that Ames might entrench inside the fort next the river, and hold the ground already won.

Ten minutes after Pennypacker's advance, Bell's brigade was ordered forward.

As it neared the bridge, Bell, conspicuous to the sharpshooters by his gigantic form, was struck down with a mortal wound; of which he died next morning.

His men, pressing forward in column of fours, passed through the gate into the fort, each regiment, as its rear cleared the postern, successively facing by the left flank, through holes filled with stagnant water, over logs, broken timbers, boards, and the *debris* of torn down barracks, they then charged down towards the reverse of the sea-face, and to the left obliquely into the rear of

the land-face, while Curtis and Pennypacker were fiercely assailing it in front.

The fight then went on with unexampled ferocity, until the approach of night. Superior weight and skill alone could decide the result where, as here, men of the same Anglo-Saxon race contended with equally stubborn valor.

Terry, calm and confident, foresaw, and with the most admirable skill provided for, all the varying contingencies of the fight.

The judgment to decide, the daring to resolve, the ability to plan, the skill to execute, and the nerve to persevere,—each was required, and all was there. And he was most ably seconded by his two division commanders.

Paine, on one side, vigilantly kept watch for the slightest movement indicating an attack from Bragg; while Ames, on the other, with unyielding tenacity held every inch of that blood-stained parapet so dearly won. Three of his staff, Dawson, Lawrence and Keeler, had been wounded; but he still had an able assistant in his adjutant, Capt. Charles A. Carleton, who, though continually exposed, escaped unhurt.

Capt. Albert G. Lawrence, one of Ames's aids, while preparing to plant a flag on the top of a traverse, fell early in the fight with a wound through the neck, another in his arm, and his right hand shattered.

Col. J. W. Moore, Two Hundred and Third Pennsylvania, was instantly shot dead while charging the second traverse with his regimental colors in hand.

Capt. A. E. Smith, of Terry's staff, while gallantly rallying a detachment to the front, received a ball through the lungs.

Curtis himself, while consulting with Ames, struck in the head by a glancing shot, fell senseless, and was borne to the rear, as all supposed, mortally wounded.

Here, too, Pennypacker received the wound that kept him in hospital at Fort Monroe through eleven weary months of pain and suffering. Seizing the flag of his old regiment, the Ninety-Seventh Pennsylvania, he rushed up the fifth traverse, then held by the enemy, his men following close. A storm of rifle-balls greeted him as he rose the crest, one laying him low, it was feared forever.

Not Ney himself could have surpassed the valor with which

Curtis and Pennypacker had led their brigades into the fort, and charged the traverses, always in the advance.

And many were the individual acts of heroism on the part of subaltern officers and obscure private soldiers, whose names, now lost, were well worthy to have been preserved in historical amber, with those of Pulfio and Varenas immortalized in the writings of Cæsar.

Curtis, Pennypacker, and Bell, were now all disabled. Moore, Elliott, Lyman, Smallwood, and Hart were killed. Lyle, Smith (One Hundred and Twelfth New York,) Coan, Duncan, Ault, Smith, (One Hundred and Seventeenth New York,) Dawson, Lawrence, and Keeler were wounded; and many more besides, whose names are now written on a more enduring roll than this.

Along that narrow front, five hundred dead and wounded strewed the ground.

But it was no time for private griefs. The whole force immediately available was in. Seven traverses and four hundred prisoners had been taken; but still the Confederates held their remaining works with the same admirable, dauntless, unyielding tenacity.

Thus stood affairs with the army at half-past five, P. M.

It is now time to turn to the naval land attack.

In Terry's interview with Porter, the latter had agreed to furnish a force from the fleet to assault the sea-face. Accordingly, sixteen hundred sailors and four hundred marines were landed, under Lieut-Commander K. Randolph Breese.

The point of attack selected was the north-east sea-face bastion nearest the fleet, which, exposed to a direct fire so long, had been pounded in an almost shapeless mass. With its guns dismounted, and stockade levelled, it was reasonable to suppose that a determined charge by determined men, might here break into the fort.

Porter's instructions for the sailors were, "to board the fort, cutlass in hand; in case of repulse, every three to seize an enemy, and pitch him over the parapet."

These arrangments were doubtless somewhat novel, and not so easy to be carried out in practice.

At precisely three o'clock, simultaneously with the army attack, and distant from it by the length of the land-face of five hundred

yards, the naval force advanced to the assault in column at half distance by company; a formation extremely faulty and objectionable, and its adoption so much the more singular, inasmuch as naval officers, knowing how destructive a raking fire on shipboard, ought to have been aware that it was equally so on land. Moreover, should the leading companies become demoralized, they fall back on those following, and thus the confusion in front goes down through to the rear, and the entire column falls into a disorder always difficult and often impossible to be remedied while under fire; which is precisely what now happened.

All these preliminary arrangements had been made on the open beach in full view of the enemy. Seeing what was coming, they made their dispositions accordingly. Confidently and in silence those keen-eyed men in gray looked along their deadly rifle-tubes. To them, to all, indeed, the result was a foregone conclusion.

Where veteran troops might well have failed, what then could be expected of sailors and marines unused to a musketry fight on land? Courage and bravery are as nothing in war, without the confidence inspired by drill and discipline. As the head of this column neared the bastion, a terrible fire of small arms, grape, and canister was poured into it.

Surprised at this reception, astonished at this to them new mode of fighting, the column wavered and halted. To halt was fatal. In spite of the noble example of their chief officers, the whole force then broke to the rear in disorder, leaving on the sands about one hundred and sixty dead and wounded. Preston and Porter were killed. Together before they had suffered capture and imprisonment; and now, true comrades in battle, they were not to be divided in death.

Breese and Cushman, unable to advance, and unwilling to retreat, had, at last, to escape capture, no resource but to fall among their disabled comrades. Simulating death, there they remained till the shades of night covered their escape.

All that time the shot and shell of the navy passed close above and around them. Their reflections can be better imagined than described. Upon the advance of Bell's brigade, which had formed the reserve, Terry had foreseen that an additional force would be required to re-inforce Ames.

Observing the repulse of the naval attack, he now sent over to request that this force should be reformed, if possible, and brought over to the Cape Fear side in his support. But the sailors were scattered along the beach for three miles to the rear, and it was obviously impossible to effect this in time. Lieut-Commander William B. Cushing was the ranking officer left in command. He was then requested by Terry to rally his force on the right of the line of entrenchments four miles to the rear, relieving Abbott's brigade, which would thus be enabled to move forward against the fort.

This Cushing did promptly and with zeal. During the entire day, until about four o'clock, P. M., this line of entrenchments had been unassailed. At that hour Bragg made a feeble demonstration, which Paine's picket-line easily held in check.

Doubtless the Confederate commander had good reasons for not pushing Paine's line in force. Had he done so, it would only have exposed his troops to a slaughter as bloody as useless. The fall of Fisher would not have been delayed.

It was after dark when Abbott's force, guided by Capt. Adrian Terry, came up in the rear of Ames, to whom Abbott reported. This famous brigade was composed of the Third and Seventh New Hampshire, the Sixth and Seventh Connecticut. The veterans of four bloody assaults and twenty battles, they came to the front now with a confidence inspired by the memory of so many past combats.

Entering the fort by the postern gate, a part was drawn up in line, with the river in rear, and facing the reverse of the sea-face; while two regiments were disposed to advance along the land-face.

Night had now fully shut in; and the intense darkness was only broken by the fiery flash of guns and bursting shells. With the order to charge, the brigade went forward with a momentum that nothing could stop, occupying the whole land-front; while a general advance of Ames' whole force pushed the enemy out of the entire sea-face. This advance developed a resistance on the part of the enemy unexpectedly trifling, compared with their previous efforts.

Through the whole evening, until long after darkness closed in, they had offered the most stubborn defence. Never did sol-

diers display more desperate bravery and brilliant valor. With their leaders, Whiting and Lamb, both disabled with wounds, sadly reduced in number, well foreseeing, too, the fresh force to be brought against them,—under these circumstances, when night fell upon them, disheartened, with no hope of relief, they gradually abandoned the fort, and retreated about a mile, to the ex-extreme point of the peninsula, known as "Federal Point," where the river channel was guarded by a small work called "Battery Buchanan," manned by a naval force under Lieut. R. H. Chapman.

This work, however, was not intended or calculated for resistance to a land attack. By some fatal oversight, no boats had been collected here for such an emergency. The strong tidal currents of the Cape Fear made swimming impossible. In this *cul de sac*, from which no escape was possible, the garrison now silently awaited the captivity inevitably closing in upon them.

It was ten o'clock at night when the advance of Abbott's brigade completed the entire occupation of Fort Fisher. This was at once signalled to Porter, who ceased firing, and a general display of rockets and blue lights immediately illuminated the whole fleet. The flag of the Fort was brought to Terry by Capt. Edgerly, of the Third New Hampshire.

The General now ordered an immediate advance on Battery Buchanan. Under direction of Ames, Abbott's brigade was reformed in line in rear of Fisher; the right resting on the Cape Fear, and facing Buchanan. The line was then advanced cautiously through the darkness, which was so thick that one could see only a few paces. Two of Terry's staff-officers following down the sea-face, unknowingly getting in advance of Abbott's line, they suddenly found themselves in the midst of the Confederate soldiers, who were standing unarmed in groups, while waiting the end. Unsuspected they moved about through the crowd until the Union line of battle came up.

Meanwhile, a Confederate staff-officer, sent out with a flag in the darkness, had passed around Abbott's left without observing it; and finally, far in his rear, met Capt. Graves, of Terry's staff, who conducted him to the General, to whom he then formally surrendered the garrison, numbering two thousand and eighty-

three, rank and file, including Gen. Whiting and Col. Lamb, both severely wounded.

The former, a graduate of West Point, and once an officer of the United States Engineers, had come into the fort without assuming the command his rank entitled him to, being unwilling to deprive Lamb, the regular commander, of the glory a successful defence might bring. He died in New York not long after.

Col. Lamb, of the Thirty-Sixth North Carolina, had been in command when the previous attempt was made. A man of conspicuous courage, he was seen three times during the assault, standing alone and exposed on the traverse nearest the fleet, where the air was crowded with bursting shells.

It was his idea to construct the lofty Mound Battery just south of the fort, and connected with its sea-face, where a ten-inch Columbiad, and a six and three-eight inch rifle, gave most annoyance to the navy, by their plunging fire. Recovered from his wounds, he has since been Mayor of Norfolk.

At Battery Buchanan were found fifty scraggy ponies. These suddenly became objects of intense interest to wearied staff-officers, who made haste each to secure one.

As two of Terry's staff were slowly riding from Battery Buchanan to the fort, they were accosted in the darkness by three persons, who asked for Gen. Terry. Said one, "We are Confederate naval officers. We did not wish to be mixed up with all that rabble down the point, so we came out to find Gen. Terry. I am Lieut. ——, the ranking naval officer present, and I request to be treated with the consideration due my rank."

Thus surrendered the naval garrison of Battery Buchanan, closing the work of this memorable Sunday. Nothing now remained but to place guards for the security of the prisoners, and to keep order in the fort. The night was again intensely cold, but the tired troops in bivouac slept, not the less soundly around their camp-fires.

On the morning of the 16th, when day dawned on the immense proportions of Fisher, the magnitude of the work struck astonishment to the victors, who could hardly realize the greatness of their achievement.

The first trace of this work was made by Col. S. L. Fremont, a native of New Hampshire, and a graduate of West Point under

the name of S. L. Fish. He was once an army officer, and is now chief engineer and superintendent of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad. Under successive engineers, its construction went on through many months until it had attained its present colossal proportions.

Its armament, with that of Battery Buchanan, was as follows: smooth bores: two 11-inch double-banded Brookes; fifteen 10-inch columbiads; twelve 8-inch columbiads; seven iron 32-pounders; two iron 24-pounders; two bronze 12-pounder howitzers; six 32-pounder carronades; three bronze 12-pounders; one iron 6-pounder; two bronze 6-pounders; one 10-inch sea-coast mortar; two iron Coehorn mortars; one 1.5-inch smooth bore; one volley gun, Robinson and Cottum, makers.

Rifled guns: one 8-inch 150-pounder Armstrong; three 7-inch double-banded Brookes; one 8-inch three-grooved gun; four 5.4-inch guns, no bands; six 6.4-inch single-banded guns; four 6.4-inch double-banded Brookes; one 100-pounder Parrott, U. S.; one 5.8-inch gun, no bands; one 4.6-inch three-grooved gun; one 4.2-inch gun; one 30-pounder Parrott, U. S.; one 3-inch Whitworth; two 3-inch banded Richmonds; one 2.2-inch Whitworth muzzle loader. Total, eighty-five of all calibres.

Forty-six smooth bores, and twenty-one rifled guns were in good order; and eleven of the former, and seven of the last, disabled.

It was supposed that there was also an 80-pounder Whitworth buried somewhere in the fort, as shell to fit such a gun was found. The Armstrong 150-pounder was a present to the Confederacy from London merchants. It was a piece of the most magnificent finish, with a carriage of rosewood and mahogany. At the previous attempt, this gun had been in charge of a post-captain in the Royal Navy, who had run the blockade into Wilmington.

The harvest of death was not yet ended with the fall of the fort. At eight o'clock, A. M., the main magazine suddenly exploded with a tremendous shock, not loud, but deep and smothered. Bell's brigade was in bivouac around it, many of the men still asleep, others at breakfast. An immense volume of earth shot into the air; rolling to right and left, it fell back in an irresistible mass twenty feet deep. About one hundred of Bell's men, with about thirty Confederate wounded, received at once a sim-

ultaneous death and burial. With rifles forever stacked, there they still lie in bivouac eternal, till the great Commander-in-Chief shall order the last *reveille*, the now deserted fort at once their monument and their grave.

There were also about ninety wounded. The Hundred and Fifty-Ninth New York suffered most, losing forty killed and sixty wounded. Col. Alden, of this regiment, who had succeeded Bell in command of the third brigade, had both legs broken. The navy lost also a dozen or more, killed and wounded. Among the former was Acting Ensign Alfred S. Laighton, of Portsmouth, N. H.

Idle reports were in circulation that this explosion was by means of an electric wire connecting the magazine with a Confederate battery over the Cape Fear. The board of officers appointed made careful investigations, and reported it the result of accident. Two marines, having been seen to enter the magazine a few minutes before the explosion, had probably lighted matches to search for plunder.

Guards had been placed on the twenty-five service magazines, but the main magazine, being in rear, had escaped the notice of the officer of the day, in the darkness.

And now came a melancholy duty. The exultation of victory must give place for sorrow for wounded friends. They had been collected under rude pavilions to the number of several hundreds, to be shipped through the surf on transports to Fort Monroe. The work occupied several hours, so many there were who could be moved but with difficulty. Of all who received their death wounds that day, none left behind more friends to mourn his untimely fate than Richard Dawson, a captain in the Eighty-Fifth Pennsylvania, and inspector general of Ames's division. All through the peninsular campaign, the siege of Wagner, in front of Petersburg and Richmond, death, so often challenged, had hitherto avoided him. His left arm shattered by a rifle-ball, none supposed the wound mortal; and his decease at Fort Monroe, a few days after, brought a shock to the many friends who loved him, they will not soon forget. Peacefully enough now he sleeps in that little Pennsylvania cemetery. Green may the grass wave, and gently the violets bend, over his grave!

As years go by, the ranks of those who fought at Fort Fisher

grow thinner and weaker. How many of those who still survive, with health broken down by hardship and disease, in obscurity, and forgotten, have little pleasures but in memories of the past! Often they recall them, and always with kindly thoughts of the old enemy who fought them so long and well. North and South their ancestors in the early wars had battled the same enemy. From Canada to Mexico, side by side their bones have mouldered on many a battlefield.

When the next war comes, may all sectional passions, prejudices, and hatreds have so subsided into oblivion, that the Union blue and Confederate gray can blend together under one flag once again, shoulder to shoulder, for a common country, against a mutual foreign foe!

EVIDENCES OF THE MECKLENBURG DECLARATION.

BY JOHNSTONE JONES.

(*Continued.*)

II. *There is satisfactory evidence that the Mecklenburg Declaration was made on the* 20*th day of May*, 1775.

The common belief upholds the truth of this proposition. The common belief is founded on tradition. Is the tradition based on fact? That is the question now. The existence of this widespread, deep-rooted conviction in the minds of the people, is in itself strong evidence of the truth which we will endeavor to make manifest under this head; but we will not dwell upon this view of the subject, as we rely upon direct, positive testimony, and may therefore dispense with all evidence of an inferior nature.

If the witnesses who have been arrayed to maintain our first proposition, uttered the truth when they said there was a Declaration of Independence, we can the more readily believe them upon other points in question. The degree of their credibility is fixed. We know exactly how far to depend upon their veracity and accuracy. In regard to the point under consideration, if the

several witnesses do not contradict each other positively in their statements, and the testimony which they give is not inconsistent as a whole, we are bound to accept their evidence as the truth, unless a contrary hypothesis may be established.

For the sake of the argument, and to enforce this view of the question more distinctly, let us assume that the declaration spoken of by these witnesses, was promulgated on some day other than that of the 20th of May, 1775.

Say that it was on the 21st of May. It is manifest that this could not have been, for chronology informs us that May 21st, 1775, was a Sabbath day. Anybody who knows the American people, and especially the Presbyterian element that inhabits the county of Mecklenburg, must know that public meetings of a political character are never held upon Sunday. Besides, nobody has ever said that the 21st was the day.

Suppose that it was on the 22d of the month. What proof have we? None whatever. There is not a particle of evidence of any description to sustain such an hypothesis.

Consider that the transaction occurred on the 23d, or the 24th, or the 25th, or the 26th, or the 27th, we can find no testimony of any kind whatever to brace up the supposition. The week beginning with the 21st of May 1775, and ending with the 27th, is an absolute blank in the history of Mecklenburg county. If any public event occurred there during that week, we have no record of it, nor anything pointing towards it.

Imagine it to have taken place on the 28th. What proof have we? None at all. The record of that day in Mecklenburg is sunk in total oblivion. Besides it was Sunday.

Let it be supposed that the 29th or the 30th was the day. This hypothesis, too, must fall to the ground, for lack of proof to substantiate it. And so with any other day, since the creation of the world, except the 19th and 20th, and the 31st days of May, 1775.

Now let us assume that the Declaration was made on the 31st of May. What proof have we? There is no traditionary evidence to prove it; there is no letter, certificate, or statement of any kind in writing to that effect; no one, who had the means of knowing, has ever asserted such a thing. Of all the persons who were present at the meeting which adopted the resolutions de-

claring independence, we are not aware that any single one of them has ever even so much as intimated that the date of the meeting was the 31st. There is absolutely nothing to show that the Convention which promulgated the famous manifesto under consideration, assembled in Charlotte on the 31st day of May. Nor is there anything to indicate that that day witnessed a gathering of the people in any other part of the county.

What then? There are certain resolutions of a committee concerning the internal government and regulation of the affairs of Mecklenburg county, bearing date May 31st, 1775. But these resolves prove nothing in support of the hypothesis, for obvious reasons. For if there is anything in history established beyond the shadow of a doubt, it is that *the resolutions spoken of by the witnesses were adopted at a public meeting* of the citizens of Mecklenburg. It was a large assemblage of people. One witness says, "the males generally of that county" were present; another says, "besides the two persons elected from each company, a much larger number of citizens attended in Charlotte than at any former meeting—perhaps *half the men in the county.*" Another tells us that the whole proceedings were read to "a large, respectable, and approving assemblage of citizens, who were present and gave sanction to the business of the day." Four unite in the statement that the "Declaration" was signed by the "delegates" under the shouts and huzzas of *a very large assembly* of the citizens of the county, who had come to know the issue of the meeting. One who was a militia man, states that he heard the Declaration read while he was "under arms *near the head of the line,*" indicating that there was one or more companies of Militia on the grounds. Samuel Wilson asserts that "independence on Great Britain and on her government," was publicly declared "before *a large collection of people,* who highly approved of it." The size of the assemblage is vaguely defined by the expressions, "a large collection of people," "a very large assembly," "a large, respectable, and approving assemblage of citizens," "the males generally," "perhaps half the men in the county."

The testimony taken all together, forms a graphic portrayal of this most notable gathering. The place, the very house of the meeting, the hour of adjournment, the number of the delegates, the size of the assemblage, the arrival of news from Lexington,

the distribution of hand bills containing due account of the battle, the excitement and enthusiasm, the cheering, the throwing up of hats, and various incidents connected with the transaction—are told us, with a particularity, a spontaneity, a fullness and consistency of detail, and an undesignedness of detail, which make absolutely certain that there was a very remarkable meeting in Charlotte Town, when the Declaration of Independence which they speak of was promulgated. There is no record of any public meeting of any kind in Charlotte on the 31st. Therefore, as the resolutions had in memory in all the witnesses were read to and sanctioned by a large and approving collection of the men of Mecklenburg, amid extraordinary circumstances of excitement and enthusiasm, we are forced towards the conclusion that those resolutions, whatever they were could not have been adopted on the 31st.

The resolutions having date May 31st on their face, prove that they were not the resolutions which the witnesses uniformly speak of as the Declaration of Independence. It will be borne in mind that it is a universal custom in America for popular meetings and conventions, to be presided over by a chairman or president. It is also customary for the presiding officer to authenticate with his signature, the resolutions which are adopted by the meeting or convention. To illustrate: I find in the first paper I pick up, the Charlotte *Democrat* of July 22, 1873, an account of a meeting held in Newbern, N. C., July 10, 1872, concerning a local matter of some importance. The proceedings embody a series of resolutions. They are signed "S. F. Hoke, chairman." The signatures of the Secretaries are also attached. A thousand similar instances might be cited.

The resolves of the 31st are not signed by the chairman. On the contrary, they are signed "By order of the Committee." Did anybody ever hear of the resolutions or proceedings of a Convention or public meeting being signed "by order of the committee?" Among all the thousands upon thousands of resolutions adopted at public meetings in the United States during the past century, I doubt if there is one to be found which is signed "by order of the committee."

This form of authentication proves conclusively to any mind that *the resolutions of May 31st were not adopted at a public meeting*

or convention; therefore they cannot be the resolutions of which our witnesses speak in their certificates, letters, journals, &c,, as they were passed by a convention of delegates, and signed "under the shouts and huzzas of a very large assembly," "perhaps half the men of the county."

Again. The paper purporting to be a Declaration of Independence was signed by every member of the delegates. The place, the time, the circumstances of the signing are described accurately. The names of those who signed are preserved in history and by tradition. The men are to this day spoken of as the "Signers:" to be the descendant of a "signer" is a mark of distinction and an heritage of honor in North Carolina. If the resolves of May 31 constituted this document, why are not the names of the delegation signed thereto? They are not there; only the signature of the Secretary is attached. We conclude that this paper is not the one to which the signers boldly affixed their names in May, 1775. It was some other paper—another set of resolutions—something more in the nature of a genuine and emphatic Declaration of Independence.

If more convincing arguments were needed to enforce this view of the matter, I might point to the fact that John McKnitt Alexander was a Secretary of the Convention, which declared independence, but his name is not signed to the resolves of May 31. What does that indicate? Manifestly, that these resolves were not adopted by the convention of delegates of which John McNitt Alexander was Secretary. We might also observe that in the document of the 31st, there is an absence of all allusion to the battle of Lexington, fought on the 19th of the preceding month. It is an established fact that news of that conflict was brought to Charlotte on the very day of the meeting of the Convention which broke the bonds between Great Britain and Mecklenburg. Is it reasonable to suppose that an event which so electrified the country would have been omitted from a series of resolutions adopted at a public meeting, wild with excitement over the startling intelligence? Those who know the character of American people, and especially those of the South, cannot believe it.

These various considerations force us to the conclusion that the resolutions spoken of by *all* the witnesses, were not adopted

on the 31st of May. The transaction which they describe so graphically, did not occur on that day. And the resolves bearing that date are not the resolutions declaring independence, had in memory by the several witnesses. So the hypothesis that the declaration was made on May 31st, 1775, falls to the ground. There is no proof to sustain it.

To arrive at the truth then, we must look to the recorded statements of those who were present at the occurrence, as actors or spectators. We must rely upon their evidence, as there is no conflicting testimony by which their allegations can be disproved. If they who saw these things with their own eyes did not know the day on which the transaction occurred, then nobody knows. The true date is forever lost, if they have it wrong.

We will start with the witness who seems to have had the shortest memory. Rev. Francis Cummins alleges in his letter already referred to, that independence was proclaimed "in the same year, 1775, I think, at least possibly, before July 4th, 1776." He is sure of that: more he cannot say, as to the date.

Captain James Jack is a little more definite, but he only remembers that the declaration which he carried to Philadelphia was made "in May, 1775." When he made his statement, the date of the transaction was not in question; only the fact of there being a declaration.

"In May, 1775"—what part of May? John Simeson answers this for us. He says, it was "towards the close of May, 1775."

Like Captain Jack, Samuel Wilson only designated the month, saying nothing about the day. And James Johnson simply fixes it "in the month of May, 1775." While John Davidson confines himself to the assertion that it was made "at least twelve months before" the 4th of July, 1776; thus placing it on some day prior to July 4, 1775.

The other witnesses appear to have possessed better memories, and they entered more into particulars. They all agree on the point, that the Convention of delegates assembled in Charlotte on the 19th day of May. That was the day on which Col. Polk had ordered the delegates to meet. That was the day assigned as the time of the meeting by the youth who delivered an address on this subject in 1809, at Caldwell's Academy; and he could not have obtained his information from the publication afterwards

made in 1819. In this statement he was subsequently corroborated by John McKnitt Alexander, Rev. Humphrey Hunter, George Graham, William Hutchison, Jonas Clark, Robert Robinson, and Isaac Alexander, all intelligent eye-witnesses, and men of integrity, truthfulness and patriotism. General Joseph Graham's account is to the same effect, though he does not mention the 19th. He says a large crowd attended in Charlotte on the 20th of May. So it did, but this fact does not militate against the assertions of the others that the delegates convened on the previous day, the day on which the news from Lexington, Mass., was received. The remainder of the witnesses say nothing of the 19th.

It is very clear, then, that the convention met on the 19th. The session was continued far into the night, when about 2 A. M., the resolutions were adopted, and the Convention adjourned, it having been first agreed that the proceedings should be submitted to the assemblage of the people, the next day at 12 o'clock. These facts are clearly revealed by the certificates. John McKnitt Alexander says the resolutions were all passed "about 2 o'clock, A. M., May 20." J. Graham asserts that shortly after the resolutions were decreed, "it was moved and seconded to have proclamation made and the people collected; that the proceedings be read at the Court House door, in order that all might hear them." Rev. Humphrey Hunter substantiates the foregoing as follows: "The proceedings having been thus arranged and somewhat in readiness for promulgation, the delegation then adjourned until to-morrow at 12 o'clock. The 20th of May, at 12 o'clock, the delegation, as above, had convened." George Graham, William Hutchison, Jonas Clark, and Robert Robinson, unite in such statements as these: "We do further certify and declare, * * that the meeting took place in the Court House, about 12 o'clock on the said 19th day of May, 1775. * * that the delegates continued in session until the night of that day; that on the 20th they again met, when a committee, under the direction of the delegates, had formed several resolves, which were read," &c. Isaac Alexander tells us he was "present in Charlotte on the 19th and 20th days of May, 1775, when," &c. All of this accords with a tradition which has been unbroken by a single contradiction.

Of the fourteen persons who give original evidence on this point, and who had personal knowledge of the transaction, or the best means of knowing, twelve are positive that the declaration was made in May, 1775; and two are positive that it was in 1775, though they did not fix the month. As there are 12 to 2, we must believe with the twelve that May was the month. So that is fixed.

Of the twelve who allege that the manifesto was promulgated in May, eight fix the 20th as its date: the other four do not name the day at all. Thus we find eight positive assertions against four negatives. Observe that this negative testimony does not imply a contradiction of that which is positive in character. The witnesses do not contradict each other; their several narrations are consistent as a whole, though one may give a fuller account than another. Two of them say, in effect, "the declaration was made in 1775." Four say, "we not only know that it was in 1775, but we know more, we know that it was in the month of May of that year." The remaining eight say, "Our memory serves us somewhat better, we know not only that the transaction occurred in May, 1775, but further, that the 20th day of that month was the exact date thereof." In this assertion they stand uncontradicted and unchallenged by any one who had as good a knowledge of the facts as they. If any one has ever asserted that the declaration was made on the 31st of May, or on any day other than the 20th, it is not recorded: and we know nothing about it. We are compelled, therefore, to accept the statements of these men as the plain and undeniable truth. And thus, by the preponderance of testimony, and by all common sense and human reason, by the laws of evidence and the rules of logic, we are forced irresistibly to the conclusion that the 20th day of May 1775, witnessed the dissolving of the bonds which bound Mecklenburg to Great Britain, and not the 31st day, nor any other.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY GOV. VANCE, BEFORE THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY, AT WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, WEST VIRGINIA, AUGUST 18th, 1875.

In consenting to accept the invitation of your Society to deliver an address to this meeting, I have thought I could not do better than to give you such information as I could gather in regard to North Carolina and the great struggle between constitutional principles and a physical Union. If in doing so I shall appear somewhat in the character of a champion of my own State, I yet hope to be pardoned, both because such a position is not unbecoming a true son of the soil, and because it is almost the only theme with which I could deal without the consumption of more time and searching of records than my engagements would possibly permit. I am induced to attempt this theme also because that owing to the reluctance with which North Carolina went into the secession movement, and because there was a considerable Union feeling still left there which made some manifestations of itself during the war, an impression has been sought to be made that she did not do altogether as much for the cause of the Confederacy as she might have done. And those who have assumed to write histories on the conflict so far, have either designedly fed this unjust impression by a studied silence on the subject or else they have been too much trammeled by the necessity of local panegyric to give ample motive to the *whole South.* I desire to remove this impression, and to lay open the way for the truth of history. Confessing frankly that the great leaders of the war were furnished by other States, whose glories are the common property of the whole South, I desire to show what is true, that in the number of soldiers furnished, in the discipline, courage and loyalty and difficult service of those soldiers, in amount of material and supplies contributed, in the good faith and moral support of her people at large, and in all the qualities which mark self-sacrifice, patriotism, and devotion to duty, North Carolina is entitled to stand where her troops stood in battle, behind no State, but in the front rank of the Confederation, aligned and abreast with the best, the foremost and the bravest. And I regret exceedingly that many of the facts and figures I shall give

you are reproduced from memory, though I am quite sure they will approximate exactitude. My familiarity with all the affairs of the State during the last three years of the war, was such as to enable me to state facts with reasonable certainty. The principal records of the State covering that period, in the Executive department were seized and carried to Washington by the Federal authorities in 1865, where they yet remain. And though efforts have been made to that end, the officials would neither return the original nor permit copies to be made for the use of the State. No doubt such a course was designed to serve some great and wise State policy, though exactly what it was beyond the pleasure of irritating and disobliging our people, I have never been able to see. But so it is; we are utterly without official records in North Carolina concerning the most eventful period in our annals of 290 years.

It may be said that there were only eleven States wholly committed to the late war, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, and Tennessee. Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri were only partially engaged, the great majority of their people remaining with the Union. Of these eleven, North Carolina occupied the following position at the beginning of the war: In extent of territory she was the *seventh;* in total population she was the *fifth;* in white population the *third;* Virginia and Tennessee only exceeding her; in wealth she was the seventh; in the value of all farm products the fourth; in the production of cotton the ninth; in the production of corn the fourth; of wheat, rye and oats the third, and in the number of horses and cattle the fourth. In manufactures of all kinds, she was the third; in the production of iron and material of war, about fourth, and in root crops, fisheries and naval stores, the *first* of the eleven.

Such, in brief, were her capacities and resources for sustaining a war as compared with her associates. Her material condition was in all respects good. Average wealth was considerable, and prosperity and comfort abounded. Her credit was excellent and her State schemes of internal improvement were advancing cautiously and prudently. The cultivation of cotton was advancing northward and that of tobacco was coming South; manufactures

were growing and industry diversifying—the surest road to wealth—and everything indeed was moving on a solid basis. Politically, whilst our people were loyal to Southern institutions, they were eminently conservative and attached to the Union of the States. In considering what North Carolina did or did not do, in the war, this fact of her Union proclivities should never be forgotten. She was the last to move in the drama of secession, and went out at last more from a sense of duty to her sisters and the sympathies of neighborhood and blood than from a deliberate conviction that it was good policy to do so. So late as February, 1861, her people solemnly declared, by a majority of many thousands, that they desired no Convention to consider the propriety of seceding. But after the fall of Sumter and the proclamation of President Lincoln calling upon her for troops, she hesitated no longer. On the 20th of May, 1861, eighty-six years after her first Declaration of Independence of Great Britain, she repealed the Ordinance by which she became a member of the American Union, and took her stand with the young Confederacy. None stood by that desperate venture with better faith or greater efficiency. It is a proud assertion which I make to-day when I say that, so far as I have been able to learn, North Carolina furnished more soldiers in proportion to white population, and more supplies and material in proportion to her means, for the support of that war, than any State of the Confederacy. I beg you to believe that this is not said with any spirit of offence to other Southern States, or of defiance toward the government of the United States, but simply as a just eulogy upon the devotion of a people to what they considered a duty, in sustaining a cause, right or wrong, to which their faith was pledged.

The records of the Adjutant Generals office of the State, will show that North Carolina sent into the service of the Confederacy as volunteers, men at the outset.	64,636
There were recruited by volunteers from time to time,	21,608
And by conscripts,	18,585
Making in all, regular troops from North Carolina in the Confederate service.	104,829

Besides these there were regular troops in the State service,	3,203
Militia on home duty,	2,962
Junior Reserves,	4,217
Senior Reserves,	5,686
Troops from North Carolina serving in regiments of other States not borne on our rolls,	3,103
Total of all grades,	121,038

Of this number 107,932 were regular soldiers in the Confederate service, 3,203 were regular troops in the State service, and the remainder what may be termed "Land-wehr," doing garrison duty, guarding prisoners, arresting deserters, &c. These were organized as follows:

60 regiments of infantry; 6 regiments of cavalry; 3 regiments of artillery; 2 regiments of reserves.—Total 71.

4 battallions of artillery; 4 battallions of cavalry; 3 battallions of infantry; 9 battallions of reserves.—Total 20, and 13 unattached companies, and 11 companies borne on our rolls serving in regiments from other States. These figures are official.

I do not know but what my assertion might be amended so as to claim that this is not relatively but positively more troops than any State put into service. At all events, I shall be glad if this brings forth the records of any sister State, and will submit when fairly beaten.

According to the report of Adjutant General Cooper, the whole number of troops in the Confederate service was 600,000, of which North Carolina furnished largely more than one-sixth; one *tenth* would have been about her share. Her total white population was in 1860, 629,942; of this she sent to the army more than one man to every six souls! How they demeaned themselves in the field the bloody records of killed and wounded in all the great battles of the war bear melancholy testimony. In many of the severe conflicts on the soil of Virginia—notably in that of Fredericksburg—a large majority of the casualties of the whole army were in the North Carolina troops, as appeared by the reports in the Richmond papers at that time. One regiment, the 26th N. C., at the battle of Gettysburg, which went in 900 rank and file, came out with but little over 100 men fit for duty. They lost no

prisoners. One company, 84 strong, made the unprecedented report that every man and officer in it was hit, and the Orderly Seargent who made out the list did it with a bullet through each leg. The regiment commanded by Gen. Geo. B. Anderson, (then Colonel) the 4th N. C., at the battle of Seven Pines lost 462 men, killed and wounded, out of 520, and 24 out of 27 officers.

Of the four Divisions, D. H. Hill's, A. P. Hill's, Longstreet's and Jackson's, which assailed and put to route McLellan's right on the Chickahomony, there were 92 regiments, of which 46 regiments were North Carolinians. This statement I make upon the authority of one of the Division Commanders.

At the dedication of the Confederate Cemetery in Winchester, Va., some years ago, I was invited to deliver the oration, and the reason assigned by the committee for soliciting me for this task was that the North Carolina dead there exceeded the dead of any other State; showing that in all the glorious campaigns of Jackson, Ewell and Early, in that blood drenched valley, North Carolina soldiers were either very numerous or else had an unusual share of the hard fighting; neither of which facts would be so much as suspected by reading the popular histories of those campaigns *Dead men do tell tales*, and tales which can not be disputed.

Almost the only commands in Lee's army which were intact and serviceable at Appomattox, were North Carolina brigades and the statement is made, and so far as I know without contradiction, that she surrendered twice as many muskets as any other State. At Greensboro, too, Hoke's Division, containing three brigades of North Carolina troops, in splendid condition and efficiency, constituted one-third or more of Johnson's entire army.

I mention these facts, not by way of ill-tempered or untasteful boasting, but by way of a proper self assertion, a quality in which the people of my State are charged, and justly charged, with being deficient; and also because they testify to a state of things, which in the hands of a just and discriminating historian must greatly redound to the credit and honor of North Carolina. For I shall not scruple to make the statement here which I have often made elsewhere, and I make it without the fear of giving offence to brave and great men, that the writers who have hastened to pen biographies of the great and illustrious leaders which Virginia gave to the Confederacy, have been too anxious to eulogize

their heroes to give due attention to the forces which wrought their plans into such glorious results—the plain men whose deeds gave their leaders so much renown. The history of the British Kings had been often written, said Macauley, but no one had ever written the history of the British people, which was the more useful to be learned. So we are having many histories and biographies of the great generals and chieftains of our war, but we have not and are not likely to have soon, any history of the Confederate people—of the thousands upon thousands who rushed forward under the banners of these chieftains; of the numbers who died; of the sufferings they endured, the sacrifices they made, of the labors all classes performed: of the subsistence and material furnished by those not in the ranks; of their feelings, their hopes, patriotism and their despair. No history can be useful or instructive which gives us no glance into such things as these. The broad, Catholic cosmopolitan history of this most remarkable struggle has yet to be written, wherein the story of the *people* shall be told; wherein, when it is said how that a great general won a victory, it will also be mentioned what troops and where from it was fought it for him; how the artisan in the shop, the ploughman in the field, the little girls in the factories, the mothers at the old hand looms, the herdsmen on the mountains side, the miner in the earth's bowels, the drivers and brakesmen on the railroad engines, how *all these* felt, and strove, and suffered equally with the soldier, and yet without his stimulus of personal glory. Such a history would fill with content the palaces of the rich and the cottages of the poor, would imbue the humble masses with still greater patriotism, and our statesmen with a most useful knowledge: would remove local jealousies, and increase brotherly affection.

Having shown how North Carolina performed her duty to the Confederacy in furnishing soldiers, I desire to call the attention of the Society to the part she took in furnishing supplies and material. And here it would greatly interest the political economist were I able to give accurate instead of estimated figures, to consider what resources a people may exhibit under pressure of circumstances. Every industry looking to the support of an army in the field, or the people at home, sprang forward with astonishing activity, especially those wherein we had formerly been depen-

dent on foreign manufacturers. Like most of the Southern people, we were slavish tributaries to Northern and British manufacturers; the simplest article, in common use bore their impress, from a broom or an axe handle to a water bucket. In the manufacture of cotton she had less than $1,500,000 invested; in wool not over $300,000, perhaps not more in iron, and these latter were but small establishments for local accommodation. There was not a manufactory of arms worth mentioning in the State. Of cotton goods, not half a supply, even of the courser sorts, were made for our own consumption; of woollen goods, scarcely a tenth; of iron, for ordinary purposes, not a twentieth; of shoes and leather, not a tenth part of home consumption, was supplied. Yet in less than twelve months we were not only filling that demand and furnishing large quantities for the army, but selling heavily to our Southern sisters. When the capacity of the cotton and woollen mills began to be heavily taxed, the old fashioned wheel, card and hand looms of our grandmothers bloomed into fashion once more, and under the patriotic zeal of our mothers and daughters the whole land was musical with the song of the spinning and the clack of the shuttle. When their hand cards gave out it was ascertained that there was no machinery in the South to renew the supply. But many thousands of pairs were imported through the blockade, as well as two sets of machinery for their manufacture, and the stock was abundantly renewed. Ere long, also, it was discovered that the card clothing and other destructible parts of the mills were giving out and could not be replaced in the Confederacy. This difficulty was also met by the importation of quantities of card clothing, belting and lubricating oils, which kept all the factories going till the end. An abundant supply of cotton goods, and a full supply for the people, and a partial one for the army, of woollen, being thus provided, the remaining quota of woollen goods and leather findings were sought for abroad. By means of warrants based upon cotton and naval stores, an elegant long-legged steamer was purchased in the Clyde. She was built for a passenger boat to ply between Glasgow and Dublin, and was remarkably swift. Captain Crossan, who purchased her in connection with my financial agent, Mr. John White, ran her in at Wilmington with a full cargo in 1863, changed her name from Lord Clyde to the Ad-Vance.

When her elegant saloons and passenger arrangements were cut away, she could carry with ease 800 bales of cotton, and a double supply of coal. As cotton was worth in Liverpool then about 50 cents in gold, the facilities for purchasing abroad whatever we desired, is apparent. Before the port of Wilmington fell, this good vessel had successfully and without accident made eleven trips to Nassau, Bermuda and Halifax, through the Federal fleet, often coming through in open day. Capt. Thomas Crossan, Capt. Julius Guthrie, North Carolinians, and Capt, Wylie, a Scotchman, were her successive commanders. By reason of the abstraction or destruction of the Adjutant General's record, as before remarked, I am unable to give an exact manifest of her several inward cargoes, but the following will give an idea of them : Large quantities of machinery supplies, 60,000 pairs of hand cards, 10,000 grain scythes, 200 barrels of blue stone for the wheat growers, leather and shoes for 250,000 pairs, 50,000 blankets, gray woolen cloth for at least 250,000 suits of uniforms, 12,000 overcoats ready made, 2,000 best Enfield rifles, with 100 rounds of fixed ammunition, 100,000 pounds bacon, 500 sacks of coffee for Lospital use, $50,000 worth of medicines at gold prices, large quantities of lubricating oils, beside minor supplies of various kinds for the charitable institutions of the State. Not only was the supply of shoes, blankets and clothing more than sufficient for the supply of the N. C. Troops, but large quantities were turned over to the Confederate Government for the troops of other States. In the winter succeeding the battle of Chickamauga, I sent to General Longstreet's corps, 14,000 suits of clothing complete. At the surrender of Gen. Johnston, the State had on hand, ready made and in cloth, 92,000 suits of uniform, with great store of blankets, leather, &c., the greater part of which was distributed among the soldiers and people. To make good the warrants on which these purchases had been made abroad, the State purchased and had on hand in trust for the holders, 11,000 bales of cotton and 100,000 barrels of rosin. The cotton was partly destroyed before the war closed, the remainder, amounting to several thousand bales, was *captured* after peace was declared by certain officers of the Federal army. The proceeds probably went into the U. S. Treasury, and probably not. *Quien sabe.*

This good vessel, the Ad-Vance, was finally captured on her

12th trip, going out, by reason of unfit coal. She usually brought in enough Welsh coal, which being anthracite, made no smoke, to run her out again, but on this occasion she was compelled to give her supply to the cruiser Alabama, which was then in port, and to run out with North Carolina bituminous coal, which choked her flues, diminished her steam, and left a black column of smoke in her wake, by which she was easily followed and finally overtaken.

In addition to these supplies brought in from abroad, immense quantities of bacon, beef, flour and corn, were furnished from our own fields. I have no possible data for estimating these, but any one who is acquainted with the valley of the Roanoke, and the black alluvial lowlands of Eastern North Carolina, will recognize what they can do in the production of corn when actively cultivated. And they and all the lands of this State were actively cultivated for the production of food. I was told by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, that when his army was surrendered at Greensboro, he had in his depots in North Carolina, gathered in the State, five months supplies for sixty thousand men; and that for many months previous, Gen. Lee's army had been almost entirely fed from North Carolina.

Public sentiment rigidly forbade the cultivation of any but limited crops of cotton and tobacco, and the distillation of grain was forbidden by law. Though perhaps mere *brutum fulmen*, in view of their constitutionality, these laws were cheerfully sustained by a patriotic public voice and were generally obeyed. The fields everywhere were green and golden with the corn and wheat. Old men and women, in many cases, guided the plough whilst children followed with the hoe in the gaping furrows. The most serious conditions of life are oftentimes fruitful of amusement to those who have philosophy sufficient to grasp it; and the sufferings of those dark days were frequently illumined by the ludicrous. The prohibition upon distilling was regarded by many as a peculiar hardship. "Old Rye" grew to be worth its weight in silver, and "Mountain Dew" became as the nectar of the gods. Even "New Dip" became precious, and was rolled as a sweet morsel under our rebel tongues. Yet, true to their character of the most law-abiding people on the continent, all respected the act of Assembly. Many thirsting souls, however, fancied that

I was invested with that illegal power, the exercise of which lost James II, his crown, of dispensing with the laws, and petitioned me accordingly for a dispensation. The excuses given were various. One had much sickness in his family, and would I permit him to make a small "run" for medicine? Another wanted to make just enough "to go in camphor;" and still another gave it as his solemn opinion that it was going to be a terrible bad season for snakes, and they must have a little on hand in case of bites! Finally one man wrote me, with an implied slander on my appetite, shocking to think of even now, that he only wanted to make ten gallons, and if I would give the permission he would send me a quart! I replied in all seriousness, that I could not think of violating my official oath for less than a gallon. That broke the trade.

In addition to providing for the soldiers in the field, there was still a more difficult task in providing for the destitute at home, a task which I think the military men did not appreciate properly. For the comfort of soldiers travelling to and fro, wayside hospitals or inns were established, at Weldon, Goldsboro', Wilmington, Raleigh, Greensboro', Salisbury, Charlotte, and other chief points. Here the sick, the wounded, and the furloughed, were entertained. But there were thousands of the families of the poor, whose only supporters were in the army, and whom we were in duty bound to care for and keep from suffering. Not only did justice and humanity require this, but good policy as well. When the paper which the husband in the army received became so depreciated that it would buy the wife and children no bread, the strength and confidence of the Confederacy began to weaken at once. No cause, however just, no enthusiasm however zealous, could long withstand the cry of wife and children for food. To meet this necessity, granaries were established at several points in the State, and corn distributed in the most needy districts; committees were appointed in each county to look after the needy, and commissioners selected, whose sole duty it was to provide salt. The State became for the time a grand Almoner, and though from the very nature of the task it was impossible to effect the object completely, yet it is my opinion that no part performed in that great struggle was more deserving of praise than that effort which North Carolina made to provide

for the poor families of those who were fighting for her independence on distant fields. These efforts went to the very gist of our success. Nor were these confined to the public authorities. Private charities and liberality abounded. Each county has its list of neighborhood herds, gray headed, quiet men, whose victories were won over the greedy passions of gain and the temptations of avarice. They are pointed out yet as the men who would sell no corn except to soldiers wives, widows or mothers; who would sell no leather from their tanyards except to put shoes on their feet, and who did not raise in price or discount their money. All honor to such men. And let history make mention of it as a fact, that in thus serving God they were likewise rendering a service to their country quite as great as that of the armed soldiers, and far greater than that of the brawling politician. Nor did they stop with the giving of their goods. Courage and patriotism usually go hand in hand with kindness of heart. Such an instance comes to my mind now in the person of old Thomas Calton, of Burke county, whose humble name I venture to give to the Society as worthy of your attention, and as a good sample of the grand but unglorified class of men among us who preserve the savor of good citizenship and ennoble our humanity. He not only gave his goods to sustain women and children, but gave all his sons, five in number, to the cause. One by one they fell until at length a letter arrived, telling that the youngest and the last, the bright haired, blue eyed Benjamin of the hearth, had fallen also. Kind friends deputed an old neighbor to take the letter to him, and break the distressing news as gently as possible. When made aware of his desolation, he made no complaint, uttered no exclamation of heart-broken despair, but called his son-in-law, a delicate, feeble man, who had been discharged by the army surgeons, and said, whilst his frail body trembled with emotion, and tears rolled down his aged cheeks: "Get your knapsack, William; the ranks must be filled!" Surely it may be said that the pure soul which can thus triumph over nature, like him that ruleth himself is greater than he who taketh a city!

Such were the efforts made in North Carolina, public and private, to avert the calamities of war and to sustain the spirits of the people. I attribute the comparatively great efficiency of the North Carolina troops to these efforts. In my opinion the causes

of our ultimate failure begun by neglect of those at home. Our civil administrators lost the cause of the South. Had it been equal in ability and tact to that displayed by our military administration—had the civilian done his part so well as the soldier—very different would have been the result. I do not mean by this to attack Mr. Davis and his ministers. By no means. They doubtless did what men could, situated as they were. I mean that class of men to whom the management of public sentiment in a democratic government is usually entrusted, failed of their part. The *morale* of our people at the beginning and for two years thereafter was excellent; and if it had been sustained I maintain that we could have won notwithstanding the fearful disparity of numbers and means. But it was not kept up; and to that defective statesmanship which permitted the popular enthusiasm to die out and even aided to extinguish it, must be attributed our ill success. Few of our political leaders comprehended the situation at all when the troubles began. In the first place the war was resorted to in order to avoid *anticipated*, not *existing* evils; and the great mass of mankind who do not read Burke and Hollam are only stirred permanently and deeply by present oppressions which they *feel*. Had a tenth of the outrages perpetrated since the war been inflicted upon us, or even attempted, before a blow had been stricken, there would have been no flagging of popular enthusiasm, no desertion, no Appomatox, no military satrapies instead of States under the Constitution. In the second place, the war once begun, our leaders either did not grasp the magnitude of the struggle, or with an unwise want of candor concealed it as much as possible from the popular intelligence, which reacted most injuriously upon the cause. A frank avowal that the war would be long and desperate, and a call for volunteers to serve through its whole duration would have brought out the entire military strength of our people as well as the call for six months. This short sighted policy had to be repaired by a conscript act, and although it was necessary at the time the blunder of those who created the necessity remains the same. Our people never recovered from the damper inflicted on their enthusiasm by the anomalous spectacle of beholding men hunted down and tied to make them fight for freedom and independence!

Suffering and disappointment began to produce discontent at

home. Little was done to allay this feeling. All eyes were turned to the army. The majority of our civic talent took service there, where as a general thing exultant politicians were buried without a corresponding resurrection of great generals. The civic talent which remained at home mistook, to a wonderful extent, the temper of our people in other respects. The Northern masses were kept up to war pitch by appeals for the preservation of the Union. It was a stirring war cry; filled with the most sacred associations of our fathers and their great deeds, and attuned to the proudest g'ories moral, and physical, of the American citizen. We had no slogan half so thrilling. Our denumciation of abolition operated only upon the comparatively few who reflected upon its consequences and foresaw the evils of a violated Constitution. Seven-tenths of our people owned no slaves, and, to say the least of it, felt no great and enduring enthusiasm for its preservation, especially when it seemed to them that it was in no danger. Our statesmen were not wise enough to put the issue on any other ground. In brief, it was not so arranged as that the causes of the war took hold upon the popular heart, and the real wonder is, that, sustained mainly by sectional pride and a manly, warlike spirit, the contest lasted so long as it did.

Again: when our currency depreciated so that it would not pay the government which issued it, a tithe law was enacted, seizing the people's goods by way of taxes whilst their pockets were filled with the government promises to pay. Then there came another law exempting from militia duty those who owned a certain number of slaves; an exceeding injurious measure for which no possible advantage could atone. These sources of discontent, added to much suffering at home, soon put matters beyond the remedial agency of the wisest statesmanship. Enthusiasm died out; confidence fled. Desertion began, and the deserter's place was filled by more conscripts. The result was that not only were the discontent and suffering increased, but the just ratio between those who labor at home and those who serve in the field and consume, was destroyed; so that the larger the army became the weaker it grew; lacking the healthy strength of well organized communities behind it. Since the formation of States on the basis of civilization, and the barbarian tribes ceased to wage war by *migrating* into the territory of their ene-

mies, there is perhaps no instance of a community stript so bare of its industrial and productive forces as was the South in 1864. Prussia during the seven years war is perhaps an exception to this assertion; I can not remember any other. From many districts—county sub-divisions—in North Carolina, I had, during 1864, petitions signed by women alone, praying that A. B. might not be ordered away, as he was the only abled bodied man in their district, to protect them, grind their grain, &c. But for our slaves society could not then have moved on at all.

I have dwelt thus long on the reasons for my assertion that our cause was lost at home and not in the field, in order to excuse the emphasis which I have given to domestic affairs in North Carolina during this period, and the efforts which we made to remove these springs of discontent. They are not unworthy of your notice, though not so exciting as stories of battles and sieges, because they go to the root of the matter. And although we were not entirely successful in feeding all the poor and keeping down all discontent, yet much was done, and we had the proud satisfaction of knowing that more soldiers, in better condition, hailing from old North Carolina were standing by the great Virginia chieftains, Lee and Johnston, when the bugle sounded the melancholy notes of surrender, than from any other State of the Confederacy. When it is remembered that North Carolina was devoted to the Union, and rejected secession until the very last, that much has been said about an unruly, disloyal Union element in her midst during the war, and that she has been accused of having an unusual amount of desertions from her ranks, it will be admitted, I trust, that we have a right to be proud that we are thus vindicated by the facts and figures. Surely no portion of the Southern people can show a brighter record, a nobler devotion to good faith and order.

So great was the prevalence of this unjust impression, that North Carolina could be easily detached from her duty to her confederates, that it seems there were some who presumed upon it for important purposes. Soon after the failure of the Fortress Monroe or Hampton Roads conference, I was visited by Gov. Graham, (whose death we so recently deplore,) who was then a Senator of the Confederate States. After giving all the particulars of that Conference which had not appeared in the papers, and

the prevailing impressions of Congressional circles about Richmond, &c., he informed me that a number of leading gentlemen there, despairing of obtaining peace through Mr. Davis, and believing the end inevitable and not distant, had requested him to visit me and urge me as Governor of North Carolina, to take steps for making separate terms with Mr. Lincoln, and thus inaugurate the conclusion. That he had agreed to lay their request before me without promising to add his personal advice thereto. I asked who these gentlemen were, and with some reluctance he gave me their names, chiefly Senators and Representatives in the Confederate Congress. I asked why these gentlemen did not begin negotiations for their own States with the enemy, and if they would come out in the papers with this request to me. He said they *could not* take the initiative, they were so surrounded at home, and so trammelled by pledges, &c., as to render it impossible! I declined the proposition, of course, and asked him to say to those gentlemen, with my compliments, that in the mountains where I was raised, when a man was whipped he had to do his own hollowing; that the technical word "enough," could not be cried by proxy. This piece of secret history will serve to show that there was a faintness of heart and a smiting together of knees in other parts of the South outside of North Carolina.*

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*Note.—Since the synopsis of this was published, I have received a letter from an esteemed friend in Hillsboro', N. C., who says he had a conversation with Gov. Graham on the same subject, and that his recollection is that the proposition made to me was, that I should take steps to withdraw the North Carolina troops from Gen. Lee's army, which would force him to surrender and thus end the war. It may be that my friend's recollection is correct. I am quite sure, however, that substantially I was requested to take separate and independent action to end the contest, and I do not regard the difference between my friend's statement and my own as very material.

I have also been surprised to learn that this statement was construed by many as a personal reflection, both on Gov. Graham and the gentlemen who entrusted him with the message. Surely nothing could have been further from my intention. It was understood at Richmond, as I learned, that Mr. Davis neither could nor would negotiate any treaty which involved the destruction of his own government, and as Gen. Lee would only hold out a few days or weeks longer, it was deemed important by those gentlemen to undertake action by the States separately. I was only indignant that those, who were so lively in the beginning of the fight and reflected so severely on North Carolina for her tardiness, should undertake to make her the scape-goat of defeat. I did not regard it as a treacherous or dishonorable proposition, but as one which would have put our State in a false position, if accepted by me.

And now, having briefly alluded to the part which North Carolina played in the bloody drama, permit me to close by commending most heartily the purposes of this Society, and congratulating you on its progress. There are among us unnatural sons of the soil, who being enlightened by the knowledge inspiring sweets of Federal flesh-pots denounce your labors as evincing a purpose to keep alive the fires of sectional bitterness, and feed a spirit of ill-faith toward our present duties. Again there are others in our midst, timid souls, abounding in those good intentions which are said to constitute the paving stones of a certain nether locality, who say they *fear* these charges are just, or at least our action looks that way, and had better cease for that reason. I can not agree with either. I am sure such imputations are libellous. The preservation of the truth—especially the truth of history—challenges the interest of all mankind. To set forth the real deeds which we and our associates enacted, and the real issues before us as the only proper motives which incited to their performance, is a solemn duty we owe to ourselves and to posterity. It is especially due to our own posterity—to those who are to succeed us as citizens of the United States under a peculiar and most complicated system of government. The light which our conflict will afford them in grappling with many difficulties of the future, will be as a lamp to their feet, if our story be truly told; but if falsely related, it would prove a delusion and a snare. False history must teach false lessons. And false indeed would have been the verdict of the muse had it been inspired alone by the bitter rantings and partisan war cries of one side; and that side, too, making history, or trying to make history, for the purpose of keeping itself in power. But after a season, bold and representative men begin gradually to creep into the National Legislature and other positions where their voices may be heard. Your Society, by a happy inspiration, is formed and begins the work. Both sides now make statements; contention arises, and from its fiery heats, so alarming to the timid, comes forth the precious gems of truth, pure and glorified, whose lessons, like the leaves of the tree of life, are for the healing of the nations. Surely, there is in our story food to satisfy the reflective and to fire the hearts of the brave, for many generations; how that written constitutions which men are sworn to support, are yet as feathers

in the gale before the fierce passions excited by interest, sectional hatred, and religious bigotry; and that the only hope of freedom is, after all, when her anchors take hold deep down in the hearts of men; how that a simple agricultural people, unused to war, without manufactures, without ships, shut out from all the world and supposed to be effeminated and degenerated by African slavery, yet waged a four years contest against four times their numbers, and ten times their means, supplementing all their necessities, and improvising all their material almost out of the dreary wastes of chaos; how that their generals wrought out campaigns not discreditable to the genius of Hannibal, Caius, Julius, Marlboro, and Napoleon; whilst their gently nurtured soldiers fought and marched and endured with the courage of the Grecian phalanx, the steadiness of the Roman Legion, and the endurance of the British Line—and all because the Southern people had preserved the lofty souls and gallant spirits of *their* ancestry; had treasured up the traditions of chivalry and personal honor which their fathers had bequeathed them as the highest glory of a race, instead of the heaping together of dollars; the great lesson which this age is striving to forget, that states will be as their men are, that men will be as their souls are, sordid or lofty as they are taught. And if there be any man among us, North or South, who feels that the truth of this cruel war should not be known; or that it is dangerous to honor that courage and patriotism which extend to the giving of life in its support, in any cause which a Christian soldier could maintain; or that unfaithfulness to present duty, is bred from a reverencing of the memory of those who died to preserve their faith; with such I have no desire to harmonize, the good opinion of all such I can afford to despise. We know that the glorious profession of arms is of the highest importance to a State; and a skill to wield the sword and the manhood to fight battles are cardinal elements of successful civilization. All peace and mental cultivation produce effeminate Greeks of the lower Empire. All war and physical development produce the Goth and the Hun. But when the martial and the civil spirit are judiciously combined, the highest types of human progress are brought forth.

NOTE.—It is but justice to state here that the idea of obtaining supplies in the way, mentioned on pages 617 and 618, was suggested to me by Gen. J. G. Martin, then Adjutant General of the State. It was his practical ability which shaped the outline of the scheme, though he had returned to active service in the Confederate army before its fruits were reaped. Z. B. V.

SOME OF THE CAUSES THAT LED TO THE REGULATION WAR.

We purpose now to relate briefly some of the most important events of Gov. Tryon's administration from 1766 to 1770. Such a course will bring out more plainly and satisfactorily the causes of the action of the Regulators, and more completely justify their conduct. We shall avail ourself freely of what has been gathered by other writers. After we have traced the outline-history of the Royal Governor's administration during the years indicated, we shall then in other articles follow the men of the upper counties in their efforts to obtain a redress of grievances, ending in the battle of Alamance.

In February 1766, there was a general militia muster in New Hanover county. The Governor was anxious to conciliate the people of that section, and to that end gave a great barbecue, and had several barrels of beer unheaded for the occasion. A whole ox was killed in genuine Scandinavian style, and the "sinews of war" were freely supplied. But the people were in no humor for such feastings and banquetings. They rudely overturned his barrels of foaming beer and tossed his feast of good things into the rushing river. Such bold and insolent acts of course surprised and angered the royal Governor. Cherishing indignant and resentful feelings, he retired to his residence in Wilmington, baffled, sullen, mortified. Even the public officers had not repressed their sympathy for the people. This inflamed him the more.

Soon after this, Tryon was instrumental in causing the death of Judge Berry. A duel had been fought between the two highest officers of the British sloop-of-war, Viper. The surviving officer, Captain Simpson, who sympathized with the colonists, was tried before Judge Berry and acquitted. The Governor was much offended, as Lieut. Whitehurst, who was killed, was a relative of the elegant Mrs. Tryon. The irate Governor summoned the Judge, who was of high character and sensitive honor, to appear before the Council Board. Under an agony of mind caused by a grave apprehension that he was to be broken of his office, he took his own life. An excellent officer and amiable citizen fell a victim to the unbridled tyranny of the royal Governor.

The Legislature was to meet in April. It came to the Governor's ears that resolutions condemnatory of the Stamp Act would be introduced in the Lower House. He quickly determined upon his course. The General Assembly was prorogued from May 18th to November 3rd, 1766. In March of that year the Stamp Act was repealed. On June 25th, Gov. Tryon issued a proclamation announcing the gracious fact. He embraced the occasion to address the people of the Colony relative to the complaints of the Regulators, in which he stated that complaints had been made as to the exhorbitant fees taken "by the several public officers of the Province, to the dishonor of the King and the prejudice of his subjects." He therefore, declared, that "we do hereby strictly enjoin and require all public officers, in their respective stations throughout the Province, not to demand or to receive any other fees for public business transacted in their offices, than what are established by proper authority, upon pain of being removed from their said offices, and prosecuted with the utmost severity of the law."

We shall see hereafter how this warning was heeded, and how the exorbitant and unscrupulous officers were "prosecuted," but in no way "with the utmost severity of the law." The promise was broken as readily as it was made.

That part of the proclamation that concerned the repeal of the Stamp Act was received with much joy. "The maritime districts in the Province had nothing more to ask or desire. No system of taxation more favorable to *the wealthy* citizen of any section, than the *tax upon polls*, could have been devised. Very different were *the interests* and feelings of the people in the back country."*

The Assembly met on November 3rd, 1776.† This was the second time it had assembled since Tryon had become Governor. The maritime section was in a good humor. In the Northern portion of the State there was great dissatisfaction because of oppressive taxation, the impossibility of securing titles to homesteads, and the remorseless extortion levied upon the people by the officers of the Crown. As Gov. Swain says, this extortion was

*Gov. Swain in N. C. Journal of Education Oct. 1859. †Wheeler says Oct.

practiced by "every officer in the Province, from Governor to constable." The people had long tried, but in vain, to assert the right of petition and instruction; they had in vain asked of their representatives in the Assembly for information concerning "the uses *their* money was called for." The Governor knew all this well, but his arbitrary and bold will sustained him. "He was in his own estimation, 'every inch a King,' and was in truth clothed with vice regal power. He claimed and *exercised* the prerogative right to appoint the public printer, to license and appoint teachers of schools, to present and induct clergymen in the several parishes, to incorporate counties and towns, to call, prorogue, and dissolve the General Assembly, to approve, disapprove, or suspend the operation of legislative enactments, and the general power of appointments to office *durante bene placito*."* We take it that no King of this century in Great Britain has exercised any such wide and arbitrary rule at home, as this royal Governor wielded as he lorded it over the industrious and heavily burdened people of the Colony of North Carolina. His speech to the Assembly was very remarkable. He complained of the *inadequate pay* of the sheriffs, informed the members that *he had ordered* the continuance of the work on Fort Johnston, and asked for an increase of the armament, &c. He also wanted the Judges to have larger salaries. He also secured an appropriation of $25,000, (£5,000) for the erection of his palace at Newbern. The next Assembly gave him $50,000 additional, (£10,000,) and Gov. Swain thinks that these sums were quite inadequate for the completion of the splendid edifice. Probably $100,000 was spent in this royal display, and that, too, when a large public debt already existed, besides the most intolerable taxes and extortions were oppressing and ruining the people. The Assembly authorized the Governor to draw, not exceeding £5,000 "out of the money appropriated by Act of Assembly for erecting of *public schools* and purchasing globes." This palatial edifice, the most superb on the continent, was to be built by robbing the children of North Carolina. It was a tax on education throughout the State. The next Assembly made provision for the raising of the £15,000 by

*Gov. Swain.

borrowing it, ordering, however, that the sum hereafter should be raised by *poll tax*—by which the poor men of the middle and northern sections would be made to pay as much as the rich men in all the sections. Gov. Swain says that appropriations were secured through the votes and influences of the representatives of the southern district. The palace was to be erected in Newbern, Fort Johnston was to be enlarged, the navigation of the Neuse was to be secured, a canal was to be cut from Club Foot to Harlowe Creek, the Stamp duties were *not* to be imposed, the taxes were to be raised by poll taxes—all was favorable for the maritime section; the sufferers were to be the people of Granville, Orange and others of the upper counties.*

According to Gov. Swain, this passage of the bill to erect the sumptuous and costly palace, "was deemed by many to have laid the foundation of the series of disorders and commotions which terminated in the battle of Alamance." It was certainly a very unwise and hazardous measure. The grievances were already intolerable, and now new and heavier burdens were to be imposed upon the people. Doubtless it was the match applied to the mine already prepared for an explosion.

Thus far the royal Governor had controlled matters very much as his ambitious ends demanded. He had united church and State; he had secured the permanent establishment of what he held to be the "orthodox clergy;" he had safely passed over any serious trouble on account of the Stamp Act; he had found an obsequious and pliant body in the Assembly of 1776; he had secured his heart's desire in the extravagant and reckless sum voted for the building of a lordly home; he had made a royal progress through the Colony at great expense, and had dazzled both Indians and subjects by the pomp and splendor of his display; he had destroyed the common-school fund most effectually and placed an embargo on education, save only so far as schools were conducted by teachers of the Established Church.†

An act for establishing a school at Newbern provides, that no person shall be master of said school who is not a member "of

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*Educational Journal Oct. 1859, p. 309.

†Ed. Journal, November, 1859.

the Established Church of England." An act concerning marriage was also passed in 1766, by which marriages heretofore "performed by dissenting clergymen," should be *legalized*, and making it lawful in future "for any *Presbyterian* minister, *called regularly to any congregation in the Province*, to celebrate the rites of matrimony." But the *twenty-shilling fee* was in all cases to be paid to the Established Clergymen. The ministers of other denominations were not allowed to marry, for according to an extant letter of the Governor, the members of the other sects, Quakers excepted, "are enemies to society, and a scandal to common sense."* And yet, according to the testimony of this minion of despotism, "the inhabitants" of the Province "are strict inquisitors" as to the character of the ministry, "and if the clergyman is not of a moral character, and his life regular and exemplary, he will attract but little esteem to himself, and less benefit to his parishioners, for whom he must undergo patience and fatigue in the service of his calling." This is highly creditable to the plain people of the colony. It furnishes a striking contrast to the want of consecration of the ministry at that time in the old world. Any one informed as to the great religious movement under Wesley, and the low standard of piety and devotion that prevailed in England about the time Gov. Tryon bore the above testimony as to the people of North Carolina, will be much impressed with the good reputation of the colonists as set forth by an unfriendly critic. Surely, a people who were such "strict inquisitors" into the conduct and life of ministers of the Gospel, could not have been a lawless and turbulent race acknowledging the wise restraints neither of God nor man!

In 1768, the British Parliament passed a bill which imposed new taxes upon the Colonies. Tea, glass, paper and paints were to be taxed. As the wealthy were chiefly affected by this new bill, there was great commotion, and a perfect storm of resolutions, petitions and remonstrances was awakened. Gov. Tryon was so impressed by these things, for he always watched warily the utterances and actions of the leading gentlemen of the Province, that he endeavored to allay all serious apprehensions and excitement in an address to the General Assembly, in session at

*Ed. Journal, Nov. 1859.

Newbern in October, 1769. He assured them that His Majesty had no disposition to oppress the colonists, and would recommend to Parliament to remove the oppressive duties. The House, in response, thanked the Governor for these assurances, and eighty members being present, unanimously resolved, "That the sole right of imposing taxes on the inhabitants of North Carolina had ever been vested in the House of Assembly.

"That the inhabitants had the undoubted right of petitioning for a redress of grievances.

"That trials for treason, committed in the Province, ought to be heard here; and that the removal of suspected persons to be tried beyond the sea, was derogatory to the rights of a British subject."

The passage of these patriotic and timely resolutions gave great offence to the insolent and overbearing royal Governor, who, in reply, was pleased to announce, that they "had sapped the foundation of confidence and gratitude."

Whatever "confidence and gratitude" such a course might destroy, it was well calculated to foster a free and independent spirit. The popular branch of the Assembly had assumed again something of its old port of manly resistance and open remonstrance. No such patriotic and bold utterances had it sent forth stamped with authority in many years. The men of the upper counties heard the words of their own petitions and remonstrances used by the accredited representations of the people. "The members seem to have made up their minds before they met in Assembly; and the cause of freedom and America received their constant, unhesitating, and cheerful support. * * * The House of Representatives but reflected the sentiments of the people; it was, in fact, driven onward, in its honorable career, by an extreme pressure from without. The masses were ripe for rebellion; the whole people of North Carolina, from the mountains to the sea, were ready for a pretext to fling off the royal yoke."*

The tax levied by Parliament aroused that portion of the people who enjoyed foreign luxuries. The oppressions of the Crown officers, from Governor to bailiff, stirred and impelled and maddened the people of Granville, Orange and the upper counties.

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*Wiley's sketch of N. C,, p. 168.

The most of them knew but little of the taste of imported teas, but they had a sharp and painful taste of the ills of robbery and extortion, and the insupportable burdens under which they labored daily, were a thousand times more afflictive than all the duties for revenue that could be imposed by the unwise and hard parent over the seas. If a "fee-book" of Tryon's officers were extant, it would be an overwhelming argument in defence of the Regulation war. Tryon's administration thus far had only increased very greatly the burdens of the people. His wasteful extravagance had intensified their sufferings and increased the spirit of resistance. "The conduct of the crown officers, from the Governor down to the lowest bailiff of the court, was a system of oppression, extortion and fraud."*

We shall hereafter follow the Regulators from their earliest meeting in 1766 until their dispersion by the sword. No people under heaven ever had juster cause for complaint and resistance. What is a tax upon tea or glass compared with the systematic and pertinacious robberies and oppressions of insolent and insatiate officials? T. B. K.

MORNING.

Day is dawning. Slim and wide,
Through the mists that blind it,
Trembles up the rippling tide
With the sea behind it.

Like a warrior-angel sped
On a mighty mission,
Life and light about him shed,
A transcendent vision.

Mailed in gold and fire he stands.
And with splendors shaken,
Bids the sleeping seas and lands
Quicken and awaken.

Day is on us. Dreams are dumb,
Thought has light for neighbor.
Room! the rival giants come—
Lo! the Sun and Labor! *W. E. Henley.*

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* Wheeler 1 v., p. 24.

Genealogical and Descriptive.

THE ASHES OF NORTH CAROLINA.

(*Continued from p.* 495.)

1. John, who was in the service with the rank of Major. He was a bold and daring character, but of such a capricious disposition as to win for himself the nickname of "Mad Jack." He was thrice married, but left no issue.

2. Samuel, commanded a troop of Light Horse at the North for two campaigns, and was then transferred to the South. After the war he was a Republican in politics, and was frequently elected to the Assembly from New Hanover. No issue.

3. Harriet, married, 1st, Davis, 2d, Laspeyre: died in 1853: aged 92.

4. Eliza, married Wm. H. Hill, who was in North Carolina Assembly in 1794, member of Congress 1799, was U. S. District Attorney, and was appointed by President Adams one of the Circuit Judges of the United States, known as *the midnight Judges.*

His son, Joseph Alston Hill, was in the legislature of 1827; was considered an orator of great brilliancy, but died at an early age in 1830.

Four grandsons, sprung from this union, were men of remarkable ability. Wm. Henry Wright, who graduated at West Point, receiving the first distinction over P. T. Beauregard: and distinguished as a U. S. Engineer. Griffith J. McRee, author of Life of Iredell, and one of the best belles-lettre scholars of the State, and Hon. Samuel Hall, and R. P. Hall of Georgia.

5. Mary, married William Alston, of Waccamaw, S. C. Her son, Joseph Alston, was Governor of South Carolina in 1812–'14. He married Theodosia, daughter of Aaron Burr.

John Ashe Alston, of Charleston, was another descendant.

6. William, no issue, lost at sea in a privateer during the war,

7. A'Court, and 8 Anna, no issue.

B—SAMUEL ASHE, son of John Baptista Ashe and Elizabeth Swann was born on the Cape Fear, in 1725. He was educated at Boston, and studied law under his uncle, Sam'l Swann. He early espoused the cause of American freedom, and was a leading spirit on the Committee of Safety that governed New Hanover county in 1774–'75. He served throughout the Revolutionary war in various civil and military capacities. Though not gifted with that remarkable combination of oratory and power that made his brother the great popular leader of his section, Mr. Ashe possessed other qualities of a high order that rendered him of much service during our revolutionary period. He had great force of character, was cool and intrepid—was ardently attached to liberty, and among a galaxy of great men who are the glory of North Carolina, was eminent for his wisdom and practical statesmanship. He was a member of the Provincial Congress which met at Hillsboro', Aug. 20th, 1775, and was appointed on the committee to propose a plan of temporary government for the province. In accordance with their report, the Congress invested the supreme direction of military, as well as civil affairs, in a Council of Thirteen, and Mr. Ashe was chosen a member of that council. He was also a member of the Congress that assembled at Halifax in April, 1776, and which, on the 12th day of April, 1776, empowered the delegates from North Carolina in the Continental Congress, *to concur in declaring Independence:* this being the first formal declaration for independence made by any American Colony through its organized government. This body undertook to frame a Constitution for the State. The discussion of this measure divided the leading men of the State into two parties, one led by Wilie Jones, Tom Jones, Ashe, Person, &c., favoring *a democracy*; the other led by Iredell, Johnston, Allen Jones, &c., &c., who desired to preserve more of the features of the old government; these were called *Conservatives.*

A draft of a Constitution was prepared; but its adoption being strenuously resisted by Johnston and others who thought it too democratic in principle, the Congress did not adopt it; a temporary government of thirteen was again resorted to, known as "the State Council of Safety," of which Mr. Ashe was a member, and for some time President. He was also a member of the Convention that convened at Halifax in November, 1776. In this body

the Conservatives falling in the minority, the Democratic majority, under the leadership of Tom Jones, Ashe and others, proposed a Constitution and adopted it. Some concessions were, however, made to meet the objections of the Conservative party, who nevertheless remained much dissatisfied.

Mr. Ashe was on the committee that framed the instrument. He was by this Congress appointed with other distinguished lawyers on a committee "to prepare such bills to be passed into laws as might be consistent with the genius of a free people." Of this commission, it is said, in the Preface to Revised Statutes, "The fruits of their labors are manifest in the years immediately succeeding—laws which have received repeated encomiums for the ability, skill and accuracy with which they are drawn." He was Speaker of the Senate in 1777, and on the establishment of a Court of Judicature, was elected one of the three judges provided for by law; the others being John Williams and Samuel Spencer. While he was on the bench, the vexed questions growing out of the war gave rise to much animosity between some of the bar and the court; and a controversy in the public prints sprang up that lasted several years. McRee, in his life of Iredell, says, that "the tradition in the profession is, that Ashe got the better of his adversaries; and that some very competent judges expressed great admiration at the vigor and sarcasm of his controversial efforts."

Mr. Hay, of Fayetteville, was particularly bitter and hostile, Ashe, from the bench, having told him "that his conduct in the Court of Admiralty towards the judge thereof ought to have been answered with a cane," and the Judges on a subsequent occasion, having prohibited Hay from appearing before them until he should apologize for some alleged discourtesy.

In retaliation, Hay, in 1786, caused charges to be exhibited in the Assembly against the judges, who were informed that they might attend before that body if they pleased.

Judge Ashe responded that he "had clean hands and a pure heart and should disregard the clamor and would not attend." He, however, addressed a letter to the Assembly animadverting severely on the bar. This was replied to by the bar, and Judge Ashe again responded, concluding as follows: "That in my turn I would plainly say, that though there were several gentlemen of

the bar in whose friendship I had been happy, yet if they thought proper to withdraw themselves, I should have no objection, for that I was independent in principle, in person and in purse, and should neither court their love nor fear their enmity."

After an investigation of all the charges, the Senate, January 2d, 1787, passed a *resolution of thanks* "to the Judges for their faithful services and good conduct heretofore, and especially in the cases for which they were charged before the present Assembly."

Hooper, writing to Judge Iredell, says: "This ridiculous pursuit of Hay's ended as we expected. It was conceived in spleen, and conducted with such headstrong passion that after the charges were made, evidence was wanting to support them."

A matter exciting at the time equal or greater interest was the decision by the court in the case of Bayard *vs.* Singleton, Martin's Reports, *that an act of Assembly was void and inoperative because unconstitutional.* This was the first decision of the kind made in the American States, and it occasioned the gravest apprehensions; that the court should annul a law was claimed to be a usurpation, making the State subject to the will of three men, and destructive of the rights of the legislature. Perhaps if one less pronounced in his advocacy of democratic principles than Ashe, had been on the bench in his stead, the decision at that time would not have been tamely submitted to. But his devotion to republicanism could not be questioned, and the doctrine then announced, became *settled law.*

Judge Haywood, (Moore *v.* Bradley, 2 Haw. Reports,) referring to this decision, said, "One of the judges illustrated his opinion in this manner; 'As God said to the waters, so far shall ye go and no further; so said the people to the legislature.' *Judge Ashe deserves for this the veneration of his country and of posterity.*" He remained on the bench until 1795, when he was elected Governor, which position he filled for three terms, covering a very interesting period of our history. He strongly opposed the ratification of the Federal Constitution; and in politics was anti-federal, or Republican. He was one of the Trustees of the University of North Carolina, and took a lively interest in whatever could affect the welfare or prosperity of the State.

From him, the county of Ashe, formed 1799, derives its name.

He married, first, Mary, daughter of John Porter, of Virginia,

by whom he had two sons, John Baptista and Samuel Ashe. After her decease, he married Mrs. Merrick, whose maiden name was Jones, by whom he had William Cincinnatus, Thomas, and other children who did not arrive at maturity. He died 1813, and was buried at Rocky Point.

I. John Baptista Ashe, of Halifax, son of Gov. Sam. Ashe, was every inch a soldier. He entered the army at an early age, was at the battle of Alamance, 1771, and was severely handled by the Regulators. He was at the battle of Moore's Creek, 1776; was appointed a Captain in the 6th Regiment of Continental troops, (Col. Lillington's regiment,) and was eventually promoted to Lieutenant Colonel. He served with distinction during the war and commanded a division of North Carolinians at Eutaw, "the bloodiest battle of the war," a field that brought our State at once great honor and much mourning. He was elected member of the House of Commons from Halifax in 1786, and was Speaker of that body. In 1787 was Senator in the Continental Congress; in 1789 Senator in State Legislature; from 1790 to 1793 was member of U. S. Congress; in 1795, was again in State Legislature, and in 1802 was elected Governor of North Carolina, but died 27th November, 1802, before qualifying. Ashboro', the county seat of Randolph county, was named in commemoration of his distinguished services.

He married Miss Montford, daughter of Col. Montford, and sister of Mrs. Wilie Jones, distinguished for her beauty and wit.

He left issue, Samuel Porter Ashe, who represented Cumberland county in the legislature, and whose descendants now reside in Tennessee.

II. Samuel Ashe, son of Gov. Ashe, born 1763, entered the army at the age of 16, as a Lieutenant; was captured at Charleston, S. C., with Gen. Lincoln, May 1780, and suffered a long confinement on a prison ship. After his exchange he served with Gen. Lafayette, and was transferred to Gen. Greene's army, where he remained till the end of the war. He represented New Hanover in the Assembly. He died in 1835. He was greatly esteemed and was ever regarded as a chivalrous gentlemen, "without fear and without reproach."

By his marriage with Elizabeth, daughter of Col. Sheppard, of Hillsboro', he had many descendants.

1. John Baptista—lawyer—Member of Congress from Tennessee in 1843 ; died in Texas, leaving issue.

2. Wm. S. Ashe, lawyer, member of Assembly from New Hanover ; member of Congress from 1849 to 1855. President of W. & W. R. R. Co. from 1855 till his death. He was an ardent politician, a States-Right Democrat, but strong in his advocacy of internal improvements. Early in the late war he was appointed Chief of Railroad Transportation of the Confederacy, with rank of Major, but desiring field service, was, in 1862, commissioned by C. S. Government to raise an independent legion. Before undertaking this duty, he lost his life by a railroad accident in September, 1862.

He married Sarah Green and left issue.

3. Thomas H. Ashe married Rosa Hill, and had issue, Alexander, now deceased.

4. Richard Porter Ashe, physician ; served with the Texas Rangers in Mexican war ; was Sheriff of San Francisco in 1851, and U. S. Navy Agent at Mare's Island in 1855. He married Caroline Loyal, sister to wife of Admiral Farrigut ; died in California, leaving issue.

5. Mary Porter, who married Dr. S. G. Moses, of St. Louis.

6. Elizabeth, married Owen Holmes.

7. Susan, married D. H. Grove, of Texas.

8. Sarah, married Sam'l Hall, of Georgia.

III. Wm. Cincinnatus, son of Gov. Sam Ashe, served in the war, and was, with his cousin William, lost on board a privateer.

IV. Thomas, son of Gov. Ashe, married Sophia Davis, and had issue, Richard, Thomas, Pascal Paoli.

1. Richard Ashe married Anna Moore and left issue, Richard J. Ashe, now in California.

2. Thomas, son of Thomas, married Elizabeth, sister of Admiral Bell, U. S. N., and left issue.

3. Pascal Paoli married Elizabeth Strudwick and had many descendants. Among them Dr. William Cincinnatus Ashe and Thomas S. Ashe, of Wadesboro'. The latter was born in Orange county ; lawyer, State Solicitor, member of Legislature 1842–'47–'54. In Confederate Congress ; elected member of U. S. Congress in 1872, and re-elected in 1874. He married Miss Caroline Bur-

gwin; one of his daughters married Richard H. Battle, Jr., of Raleigh.

C—Mary, daughter of John Baptista Ashe and Elizabeth Swann, born 1724; married George Moore, nephew of Gen. Maurice Moore, and had fifteen children, whose genealogy will be noticed in due place.

We have now finished the genealogy of a family, of which Jones, in his defence of North Carolina, p. 214, says, "It contributed more to the success of the Revolution than any other in the State." And well may we say that in the field, in the Legislature, in Congress, and in every position of life, they have "done the State some service." We have tried to rescue the name and acts of these devoted sons from the all-destroying efforts of time. They nobly offered up their lives and fortunes for the liberties we now enjoy. Let us do honor to their memory and emulate their example.

We hope to make this department of our Magazine both useful and permanent, and have gathered material from the mountains to the seaboard for future use. We will be grateful for any contributions from family records or history applicable to our design. In the next number we propose to give the genealogy of the Avery family.

JOHN H. WHEELER.

Washington City, D. C.

WILMINGTON COTTON MILLS.

BY SILAS N. MARTIN.

For several years the establishment of cotton manufactories in the city of Wilmington was discussed by leading citizens, and some unsuccessful attempts were made to accomplish it, as far back as twenty years ago or more.

Since the war, the changes brought about in our system of labor and the necessity for a greater diversity of employment, particularly for the poor classes of whites, rapidly accumulating in the city without the means of living, the attention of many

of the leading citizens and property owners was called to the importance of manufacturing. The enterprise found strong advocates in its friends, and all the newspapers of the city and State. In the Spring of 1874, several gentlemen met and subscribed liberally to commence the work, resolving that a first class Cotton Cloth Factory should be erected at once. It was decided that the goods to be manufactured should be what is called "print cloths," for printing calicoes upon, an article long a specialty of Fall River, Mass. In the summer of 1874, the buildings were commenced and rapidly completed during the following winter. The whole work was carried on under the general charge of Mr. D. H. Dyer, of Fall River, a gentleman of large experience, thorough knowledge of the business and extended reputation as a constructor and operator of cotton factories.

The mill is located in the Southern part of the city, upon a plat of ground containing about twelve acres, having a river front of over four hundred feet, thus having ample room for the enlargement of the mill, for building operative's houses, storage of cotton and wharf room sufficient for use of a dozen mills.

The main building is 107 feet long, and 73 feet wide, three stories high. The power used is steam. The engine and boilers are of sufficient capacity to run double the present quantity of machinery. The building now erected is but one wing of the whole, and contains but half the productive powers contemplated. The additional wing will be erected as soon as practicable. The buildings are all of brick and most substantial. Every part is thoroughly protected from fire by water pipes connected with pumps leading to the river and elevated tanks. Gas is in every part of the mill, so that work can be carried on at night as well as by day.

The mill is now filled by 150 looms and 5,100 spindles. Everything is of the most approved modern style, and really seems perfect. Not less than eighty persons will be required to work the whole machinery, many of them may be from twelve to fifteen years old. The production of the machinery now up, will be about 7,000 yards per day, or 42,000 yards per week, consuming about 700 bales of cotton, *per annum*.

The question of the kind of power best adapted was long discussed, and the opinions of men of experience, led to the adop-

tion of steam. The cheapness of fuel places steam power in the city at quite as low cost as water power in the country. The goods manufactured are used for printing calicoe's and are light in weight, the calculation being, that one pound of cotton will produce seven yards of cloth. The goods are consumed by printers in the different Northern cities. A local market will doubtless be established, as much of the cloth can be used for linings and cheap shirtings. The price is usually 5 to 6 cents per yard, placing it within the means of every one to have good supply of sheets. The demand so far indicates a very good future consumption.

There is a fast growing opinion among manufacturers that the South offers greater inducements for cotton manufacturing than any other part of the country. It is not unusual to hear the opinion expressed that soon the coarse cotton goods will be produced almost entirely in the South. The difference in climate, price of material for building purposes, cost of labor and the raw material, constitute a very large profit over Northern manufactories. In the South there are no society combinations, none of the difficulties experienced North with turbulent and dissatisfied laborers, born and bred in an atmosphere of communism, which it is to be sincerely hoped may never invade this goodly land of ours.

The rule has been throughout the Southern States where mills have been skillfully managed, that the profits have been very large. This will continue as soon as the demand springs up again for the class of goods produced by Southern mills. There cannot be successful competition. It is pleasing to see that the newspapers and publications of all kinds are aiding in working up a spirit of enterprise which we have long needed.

Literary Department.

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MARGARET ROSSELYN.

By Mrs. Cicero W. Harris, *of Wilmington, N. C.*

CHAPTER XXIII.

Margaret returned to Granville, accompanied by Colonel Trevane and Ralph. Their arrival was the signal for the commencement of picnics, fishing and hunting parties, and social evenings of every description. Margaret thoroughly enjoyed these rural pastimes, and enfused equal enthusiasm into the minds of her uncle and betrothed.

The citizens of Williamsboro', were inclined to lionize Ralph, for though nearly all the planters in the neighborhood, as is too customary in Southern society, had been dubbed a Colonel, a Major, a Captain, and often a General, they highly appreciated the title "Honorable" when it had been fairly won and creditably borne. They did not pause to reflect that this sentiment did not fully accord with the Republican spirit with which they would advocate equality among free born white men, the rights of American citizens, as such, or the scorn with which they would repudiate the idea of a titled American aristocracy. No, indeed! But, with an inconsistency, peculiar to that human nature which finds its exponent in the voice of The People, they called on Ralph, listened to him with patriotic exultation, when, in a crowd of friends and acquaintances he prophesied a brighter day for the Union, and a nobler and higher flight for the "American Eagle." The "Fourth of July" spirit had vastly degenerated in the reconstructed States since the passage of the fifteenth amendment; but when a Congressman just from the halls where once the giant minds of the young republic had struggled to make a code of laws to suit and to govern a nation of freemen, appealed to them,

some of the latent flames of patriotism leaped up over the smouldering embers, and flashes of the spirit which had led the sons of the original thirteen "on to victory," gleamed in eyes which "had almost despaired of seeing a return to good old times." Dr. Halbert had almost convinced numbers of the citizens that the country was rapidly becoming an anarchy and would inevitably acknowledge the authority, first of a despot, and then of a monarch. The doctor was considered the best *native* authority in the neighborhood, and when sturdy and practical Mr. Barham would "pooh! pooh!" his oracular sayings, he would, as if endowed with the unction of an inspired augur, reply, "The signs of the times and the history of defunct republics substantiate what I have asserted."

Ralph's young, fresh, buoyant mind viewed matters in a different light, and Dr. Halbert, though averse to the young man's theories at first, began to think that there was yet some hope for the final, amicable and genuine restoration of peace to the late dismembered parts of the Federal Union. When the honest old countrymen would ride home from the postoffice on Saturday evenings after hearing Ralph talk, they would say, with a hearty wish for future national prosperity "There is life in the old land yet."

But public affairs did not claim the greater share of Ralph's attention. He had come to Williamsboro to pay his devoirs to Margaret's parents, and to rest from his arduous labors. While he lingered among the sylvan retreats of Granville, he enjoyed hunting the birds and other game which are to be found there in abundance. The wild deer had long since disappeared from the forests, but rabbits, squirrels, foxes and other similar animals still tempted the sporting gentlemen to scour the field in search of them. Ralph soon learned to love the note of the huntsman's bugle horn, the baying of the eager hounds, and the red glare of the pine knot torches when the hunters chose the night time to explore the woods and meadow lands. During the long afternoons he would often be one of a small party to "go fishing" on the banks of some of the creeks and brooks which,

> "With many a silvery water break
> Above the golden gravel,"

babbled over the shining rocks of Granville, and through

> ——"many a field and fallow
> And many a fairy foûland set
> With willow, weed and mallow.
> For, in the water, winding in and out,
> With here a blossom sailing,
> And here and there a lusty trout,
> And here and there a grayland.

They also found myriads of graceful little minnows, silver perch and many other finny denizens of the water that were nothing loathe to bite the bait the merry crowd placed on their fatal hooks.

Or, when the lassitude which a tired man always feels when active business habits are cast aside for a brief period of leisure, would creep over him, making these invigorating exercises unpleasant, he would, with Margaret, ride on horseback through the picturesque roads which lead in every direction from the village. This was to him the most delightful amusement, for Margaret was a superb horsewoman, and she could, either fearlessly let her horse's rein fall on his neck as she sauntered slowly by Ralph's side through the shaded lanes, or she could race with him as long as he chose to test her. During these rides, Ralph often noticed, with surprise, the variety and abundance of the wild flowers and berries which grew at random over every field not in immediate cultivation. The aromatic odors which arose from the depths of the forests and freighted every breeze with spicy perfumes, seemed to him fit to blow over the myrrh, frankincense and aloe plains of Araby the Blest! It may have been, in a measure, attributable to the peculiar state of the young man's heart that every thing wore such a garniture of loveliness, but the most indifferent stranger would naturally exclaim, when he visited Granville at a favorable season of the year: "Truly it is an arcadia where the hills are just high enough not to suggest a tiresome climb; where the flowers, trees and vegetation are just profuse enough to preclude the thought of the serpents, insects and lurking dangers of the tropic or the rigors of false regions!"

One afternoon Margaret and Ralph had been riding, and on looking around them, as a pause occurred in a conversation in which they were, of course, deeply interested, they saw the sun

was setting and the moon was already rising high above the horizon. They had not before noticed how far they had gone, or how rapidly the time had flown. Margaret said:

"Ralph, we are a considerable distance from home. I know, however, a short path through the fields which will take us to a friend's house in time to pay them an informal call and rest our horses."

"So you are yet, in the old North State, as unceremonious as you were when Colonel Trevane wooed and lost my mother. Disregard of formality proved so disastrous to the gentleman in question on that occasion, I consider it too bad a precedent for me to follow. However, when I am here I must not object to your customs, and I would follow you in a much more daring adventure than the one you propose."

"There is no daring in it, I assure you. Come, turn your horse's head, our path will lead through several picturesque lanes. But first, Ralph, ride to the summit of the hill directly in front of us and I will show you a scene I loved to contemplate when I was a girl."

"Thank you. I shall enjoy seeing it, and thinking of the bright, childish eyes that a few years ago gazed out fearlessly upon its pastoral beauty without perhaps a thought or care, except 'Oh, it is *so* beautiful.'"

"Yes, that is just what I felt, Ralph, only, I longed to paint it and I knew I could not do it justice." She turned her face toward him and continued, half questioningly, "Ralph, I wonder why our countrymen do not love and cherish the glorious Art which could reproduce and immortalize such fair pictures? This one will soon be destroyed, and even now it has changed in the last few years. But it is lovely still, and as I show you the view from every side you must remember we are standing on a mound which marks an Indian chieftain's grave. There are many such mounds around here, and the higher the mound the greater the chief was. This fact, you know, Ralph, will add the glamour of mystery and romance, and heighten the effect of my natural panorama, just as music and red lights enhance one's interest in an artificial panorama." By this time they had gained the height. Margaret made a handsome picture as she stopped her horse, and Ralph thought her more beautiful even than she had been

when the light from blazing chandeliers had fallen on her regal form, regally arrayed. Her horse was pawing the ground with one foot, and arching his glossy neck, as she held the loosened rein in her tiny, gloved hand. The dark habit and drooping plume became her wonderfully, her cheeks were glowing with exercise and the tints of the sunset, and her eyes were bright with youth, health and happiness. Pointing in front of her with her upraised hand, she said:

"Observe, Ralph, that belt of dark pines against the western sky. They are almost black, they are so deeply dyed. And between them and us, the acres of yellow wheat remind me of either the sands of the Sahara, or, of what the sulphurous waters of the Dead Sea would look like when some sullen wind gives them that gently waving motion which you will see the ripe grain has. Now turn your horse around and notice how the moon pales and softens the outlines of the countless hills and valleys outstretched before us. And, on each side, Ralph, are dense forests which once had a story connected with every old gnarled tree and ledge of rocks. The skirmishes with the red men, first, and afterwards incidents connected with the two wars furnished the material for them. That pond of water you may imagine to be a tiny lakelet, if your bump of ideality is as fully developed as mine is—although, to tell you the truth, it is only a neighbor's ice pond. But if you will pause a moment, rather if *I* will pause a moment—for I am doing the talking," she said with a smile, "you will hear the rustle of the breeze in the long leaved maize which is growing all around, until you will fancy it is the spirit of the green and gold huntsman in Hiawatha! Listen, Ralph! I have come here many an evening to catch the sound."

She ceased speaking, and stroking her horse's neck with one hand to quiet his restless stamping, she looked far out over the changing landscape. The dreamy expression stole into the wistful, mellow eyes, the fair cheek paled at the thoughts which were thronging her brain, as she seemed to be listening to the wind—sounds which floated up from the waving grain and whispering trees. With one rapid glance Ralph took in the simple loveliness of the view, and turned quickly from it to feast his eyes on the sweet woman beside him. As he gazed, he prayed that he

might never cause her to regret the words by whose utterance she would soon entrust her future to his keeping. He watched her a moment and then broke the eloquent spell of silence by riding nearer to her and placing his hand on her's as he attempted to express what her soft eye seemed to speak,—in the words of one of the sweetest singers of the South or North :—

"O, fresh, how fresh and fair,
Through the crystal gulfs of air,
The fairy south wind floateth on the subtle wings of balm,
And the green earth lapped in bliss,
To the magic of her kiss,
Seems yearning, upward, fondly through the golden crested calm.

" All heavenly fancies rise
On the perfume of her sighs,
Which steep the inmost spirit in a languor rich and fine,
And a peace more pure than sleep's
Unto dim, half conscious deeps,
Transports me, lulled and dreaming on its twilight tides divine.

" Those dreams ; ah me ! the splendor,
So mystic clear and tender,
Wherewith, like soft heat lightnings they gird their meaning round !
* * * * * * * * *
" What viewless arms caress me,
What whispered voices bless me,
With welcome, dropping dew like, from the wierd and wondrous stars ?'

Ralph's voice was rich, full and strong, and he repeated the stanzas as if he felt every word and sentiment he uttered. When he finished Margaret's eyes left the fair scene and looked up into his. Their softened expression had grown brighter, although the shadow of a tear moistened them. She murmured,

" Thank you, thank you, Ralph. Always interpret my feelings so correctly. I could not have borne it, if you had been unable to appreciate what I, at another time, would probably have called a foolish sentimentalism. The lines are beautiful, and if you had not said just what you did, or something similar, your very words would have seemed to me like the breaking of a harp string, when the tide of melody is at its height."

His hand clasped more closely the trusting one he held, and he said,

" Margaret you ought to be grateful for your keen appreciation

of the beautiful. There are many women who could, by cultivation, use their delicate powers of taste and discrimination for the advancement of nobler objects than personal adornment and light novels, but pass their whole lives without experiencing one thrill of the high aesthetic pleasure which has just made my darling's face wear a new and subtle charm even to my partial eyes."

"I am grateful for it, Ralph. It is to me the greatest human enjoyment to forget every thing else when such a spell is on me."

"But you must not forget, even then, my Margaret," said the young man with a light laugh. "You will make me jealous. I will not yield the precedence to any of the lower orders of creation You must let your love for me become intense on occasions like this. Will you not my bride-to-be?"

Her eyes, which had once more wandered to the purpling horizon, again sought his confidingly, as she replied, "Love does grow stronger, then, Ralph. When I speak of others, or of things which influence me powerfully, no thought excluding you, is connected with them. You are never absent from my mind, and pure, high, thoughts, the charm of scenes, even as simple as this, music, painting, eloquence, affect your image in my heart's picture-gallery, as a clear sky-light affects the gems of Art when it sends down upon them the zenith rays of a cloudless sky."

"You poetical little sprite!" said the young man fondly. "I thank you very much. If all the women in our land were more like you, our country would soon begin to love and encourage painting, music, and other arts of a similar nature which are now in the majority of cases only studied enough to be made *to pay*. Your wish just now, dearest, that your native land should foster these things was the impulse of patriotism, and the out-pouring of an enthusiastic admiration. The day you wish for may come, but I doubt it. Perhaps when reverses come to us as a nation, when our unchecked march to wealth and importance lies over a more difficult road, then, it may be, some of our countrymen will turn their attention to these things purely from the love of them. Nations, as well as human hearts, often achieve greatness by passing through the fiery furnace of adversity. They rebel at the time, but in the end they have reason to bless the rod that chastens."

"What a gloomy conclusion, Ralph," said Margaret.

"In a moment I will present to you another side of the question which is not perhaps quite so gloomy," replied the young man, with a smile. "Truth is truth, my lady fair, and I must speak it or be silent."

"Say on, then."

"We can not expect so young a nation to cope with the old world in these things. And then we have another draw back. I verily believe the love of money will retard our progress in aesthetics for a century or more."

"Very clearly true, Ralph," she said mischievously. "We all know 'The love of money is the root of all evil.' I've written it in my copy book many a time."

"Yes, think of it, Margaret! Love of money nerves the artists hand in this country; not the divine afflatus which came, powerful as a forked tongue of fire, and breathed upon the brows of Angelo, Raphael, Phidias and Parhasius. The same insatiate desire for gold will, in the majority of instances, be found to be paramount in every profession and trade."

"Hush Ralph," said the lady smiling, but in an imperious tone. "I verily believe you are beginning to think as papa does that this age is not an improvement on former ages. I am not competent to argue the question, but I say to you, as I've often said to papa, we are as good, as true and as honorable as any of our forefathers were. A few centuries hence, I should not wonder if they did not point to the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries as the "Golden Age" of Literature, of Liberty, and it may be of Art. We have poets, painters, heroes and learned men, whose abilities will be acknowledged when they have mouldered to decay. But no more of such discussions. The hour, the scene, and above all, *I* forbid them. We must turn our course toward Gilmer's house."

"It is Mr. Gilmer Pickett and wife we will visit, then? They have been married how long, Margaret? They both seem to be very young."

"Yes, it is Gilmer and Annie we will visit. They are young. Gil and I were schoolmates. Annie is still younger."

"Then you and I will have an opportunity to see how long honeymoons last—for how long did you say—"

"I did not say—but they have been married only two or three

months. You and I, however will learn no lesson from them. You are not like Gil, and Annie and I are totally different." She cut her horse with her whip and abruptly said "A race."

As they galloped down the shaded path in silence, Ralph little thought "what might have been" but for the dissimilarity Margaret had just mentioned.

They reached Gilmer's pretty cottage just in time for tea. The host and hostess welcomed them most cordially. Margaret noticed with great satisfaction how devoted Gilmer seemed to be to his wife, and with what perfect faith and love she listened to every word which fell from his lips. Ralph's easy, natural manner soon made the husband and wife feel perfectly at home with him. Margaret had feared they might show some embarrassment or consciousness in their presence, for she knew Annie was well aware of the fact, that long ago Gilmer had pleaded most earnestly for her own heart and hand. They had met before, but it was in a crowded parlor where Mr. and Mrs Gilmer Pickett had called on Margaret at her home. But there was nothing of the kind. An hour or two passed most pleasantly.

When Ralph and Margaret rode off in the moonlight, Gilmer and his wife, who had accompanied them to the front gate, watched the equestrians until they were out of sight. As the dark figures disappeared in a turn of the road, Gilmer threw his arm around Annie and said,

"Wifie, dear, Tom Moore was a fool when he sang

> 'The greenest spot in mem'ry's waste,
> Is love's young dream.'

Love's second or later dream is just as sweet."

"It may be so Gilmer," replied the dainty matron, "but I think it depends on circumstances, with men, particularly, as to how they think of such things. For instance, dear, if you had married Miss Margaret, you would have declared that Tom Moore had a wonderful knowledge of human hearts, and that, if she had not married you a

> 'Light that ne'er would shine again,
> On life's dull stream,'

would have faded out of your life forever. She did not marry

you, though, and when I became convinced that you loved me, I accepted you, and I do not doubt that you love me just as well as you ever could have loved her, and I expect *better*. You see how it is, dear Gil."

"Yes, I see," replied the young husband, as he drew the lithe form of his little wife closer and walked back toward the cottage. "I suppose it *does* depend on circumstances, Annie. You are a long headed little body in spite of your kittenish ways and ever present humility. I am sure no one would have suited me better or as well."

"That is the way I want you to feel, Gil. I know that I would never have married another, and it is but right that you should feel the same. Miss Margaret would not have been as happy as I am, if she had married you. Did you not notice how low and small our cosy parlor looked to-night when she walked, straight as an arrow, into it. She *looks* proud and haughty, although she really is not. She suits Mr. Craige better—and—

"You suit me, my winsome, wee wifie, *better*, a thousand times than any other woman in the world," interrupted Gilmer, as he watched the gratified smile which played around Annie's pretty mouth.

Their visitors came to a similar conclusion as they cantered homeward in the bright, shimmering moon rays. It seemed to them that only a few minutes had elapsed before the white cross and belfry of St. John's loomed up against the sky, and they traced its white frame through the opening in the trees.

When they reached the village it was dark and silent. The lamp and candles were extinguished in every house excepting Mr. Rosselyn's, where the family were awaiting the truants with some anxiety. Not even Black Jim's ghost flitted among the tombstones of the old church yard, and as they rode past the unmarked mound, Margaret said,

"Ralph, a Confederate soldier is buried there. Please do not let me forget to-morrow morning to send some flowers to be placed upon the grave. I consider it one of the privileges of Southern women to take care of the last resting place of our Southern braves."

"Yes, it is a noble privilege, Margaret, and one which the Southern women have nobly exercised. I will remind you to send the flowers."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Ralph and Margarett's wedding had been duly solemnized in St. John's Church. It was before the autumn leaves had strewed the ground, and while they quivered, iris colored, in the winds of October's Indian Summer. The glorious haze of this fairest of all seasons, which comes in among the usual Springs, Summers Autumns, and Winters, like a rare and brilliant comet among the hosts which keep their ceaseless and unvarying course through the nightly heavens, had settled on every hill, forest and field, and shut its dreamy, tender influence up to the utmost bounds of translucent ether. Whence come or whither go these golden, mysteriously beautiful days, we do not pause to consider. Perhaps the winged Horæ, as they yoke the sun-God's steeds, steal the yellow mist of sunbeams which shines down upon and around his—as Prometheus stole fire from heaven—and make for us, this season, which has no counterpart on earth, but which blends the beauties, the pleasures, the rarest delights of them all. In Indian Summer their nuptials were celebrated. The whole neighborhood was interested. The heavy oaken doors of the old church were thrown open to all who chose to come. The people had duly dissected and commented on the trousseau, the bridal presents, the jewels, and finally the groom himself. By the majority of these busy bodies who flourish in small towns like weeds in a rich but untended garden, they had been pronounced "all right." The old colored women who had been the property of the Rosselyn family, came from far and near, to witness the marriage of the eldest child of the house which they still claimed as their own, and also to receive their share of the many "good things" that were being cooked on the plantation. When the all-important day dawned clear and bright, these ancient mammas wore a peculiarly well pleased expression of countenance, for, in their own vernacular, "De sun brings the bride good luck." They believed this favorable omen was the result of their superstitious orgies of the previous night—orgies, so ridiculous and so nearly akin to bhraminism, that none except the Southern born and Southern bred white man can be expected to believe they ever desecrated the night watches of an enlightened age. They reminded one of the witches horrible revel in Macbeth, so strange

and so loathsome are some of the reptiles whose stings, tongue, or hearts they mix together in their magical broth. Marriages, births, deaths or severe sicknesses among the e'der southern negroes, bring into requisition these talismanic influences of a witchcraft which has doubtless held sway over the half civilized since Chaos fled affrighted at the presence of Order, and which has received a passing but not a meagre tribute from almost every bard who has sung of love, arms and a hero. But on this bridal day, in their estimation, the signs were propitious, and the first beams which lit up the east, the fresh and breezy morning, the gorgeous afternoon came to them like confirmations strong, of the potency of their midnight rites.

Long before sunset, the roads leading to the village, were thronged with horses, carriages and buggies. When the bride and groom, accompanied by their parents and attendants, walked to the chancel where the Rev. Mr. Pickett awaited them, the high gallery and every pew were filled. The hour for the ceremony was just before sunset. This arrangement had been made for the convenience of the invited guests who lived a considerable distance from the village.

St. John's windows were opened to admit the balmy air and sunlight. White chrysanthymums, which bloom in the Carolinas until November's hoar frost blights them, were scattered along the entrance and broad aisles, and hung in the garlands which were twined on chancel, gallery, altar and column. The last radiance of daylight paled the glow of the waxen tapers that burned above the floral arches and high altar, illuminating the quaint old building with blended crimson and gold.

Ralph's strong saxon features, upright, stalwart form and perfect self-possession at once enlisted for him the good will of the villagers who had not before seen him. They felt more reconconciled to the idea of his taking Margaret from them.

A bride, so far as externals go, has been described until every one can picture in his mind's eye, a graceful figure draped in white satin, tulle and orange blossoms. Perhaps, however, the conventional bride does not always wear the calm, serious and tender look which shone from Margaret's eyes as she breathed the irrevocable vow. And no one expected that every bride *should* wear this expression, for marriage is not always the result

of love. Her heart may, for aught the audience knows, be breaking when she takes the awful step! Some reason, known only to herself, and—it may be to one other, well beloved, in the great army of mortals, makes her vow a mockery and will make her future, desolate as a shoreless ocean, whose horizon is outlined by a measureless, interminable and never rifting belt of clouds through whose infinite and unfathomable darkness, the sun can never send one ray of light; an ocean whose waters have never known the monstrous lullaby the Mighty Deep forever breathes when its waves are at rest, but whose treacherous and ever raging bosom only knows the heaving and surging of tempest-tossed billows.

Thank God, St. John's was the scene of no such bridal!

As the fading sunlight fell on the bridal group, one person in the old church thought he had never beheld a prettier tableau. None of its effects were lost on him. The eyes of many were dimmed with tears, for there is something almost as sad in marriage, as death, but Edmund Maxwell had come determined to see the ceremony without showing any trace of feeling. He sat there, and with an artist's eye, observed how the slanting sunset rays softened the shimmering folds of Margaret's trailing draperies, lit up the braids of her dark hair, or glowed in the waves of chestnut brown which fell on Ralph's broad brow. He appreciated every striking effect of light and shade, every graceful pose of the members of the bridal party, and even noticed the deep, solemn, heartfelt manner in which the gray haired pastor pronounced the beautiful service. He also understood, as perhaps few other spectators did, the magnitude of the vows the two young people were taking upon themselves, and often during the performance of the ceremony, his secret heart sighed because no such happiness would be in the coming years for him. He might marry—as fair a girl—but, a ghost would rise and haunt him while his troth was being plighted to another—the ghost of a woman, one moment bowed down with remorse, the next, a shapely, tender, lovely, but repentant woman, with the hope of obtaining pardon lighting up her face. And in his dreams, he knew he would sometimes behold the huge box in the shadowy aisle, the fair Elaine of his early youth, the mound with its jessamine vine in the quiet distracting medley. If there was any

place for him, the future would have to develop it, for his Past was sin-stained, his Present full of remorse, doubts and despair!

Many invited guests went from the church to prepare for the evening, and Maxwell was among the number. Until a late hour the old and young, the grave and gay thronged the hospitable halls which Mr. and Mrs. Rosselyn had thrown open to them. Gilmer and his pretty wife were there, with Dr. Halbert, Mr. Barham, Mr. and Mrs. Pickett, and host of friends who act in the side scenes of every life's drama. The following morning the bride and groom left for their home in Kentucky.

Mrs. Maxwell and Joyce are brightening up the old homestead on the James, for both hope that Edmund will bring a proud, young wife to live there at no distant day. Mrs. Maxwell has already decided on more than one fair girl with whom she is determined her son shall be pleased.

On the day of Margaret's marriage, a box of rare exotics from the Land of Flowers came to her from "an unknown friend." The inmates of Rosedale would have been gratified if they could have seen how much she enjoyed them. Perhaps a tear-drop of one of the sad but not despairing donors of the beautiful flowers, had fallen on the white petals of the natural orange blossoms which clustered among the pearls on the fair bride's throat—for Margaret wore a spray of the pure orange flowers the friend, unknown to her, had sent.

St. John's still stands in the quaint, old village, bearing at the same time the marks of the Revolution and the impress of the poverty of some of its members, who, since that later and fiercer struggle, have been unable to keep it in good repairs. When the first battles for American freedom were fought, Granville's bravest sons stood sentinel in St. John's broad aisle, and waited, leaning on their trusty rifles, for Lord Tarleton and his army; when that blacker cloud of civil war hung over the Southland, the worshipers in St. John's anxiously watched and prayed, as one by one, the best and noblest sons and brothers, the little band, left, nevermore to return or mingle with them in the service of prayer and praise, until they worship together in that Temple, not made with hands.

In this centennial year, some may love to point out the scars and reminders of a hundred years ago, which still cling to the

old building; but, dearer to the congregations who now worship there, are the hallowed memories of those, who a few short years ago, placed their life, their all, on a shrine which to them, at least, bore the talismanic character, "My Native Land and Liberty." Perhaps, too, in this centennial year, the two different sorts of associations which cluster around this and many other old landmarks of American history, may be made to blend, and, brotherly love, as sincere and earnest as that which animated the bosoms of the Revolutionary fathers may be the result. Time will prove.

The unmarked mound has sunken lower, but the jessamine blossoms above it, and whenever Margaret visits her native village, a chaplet of fresh flowers will rest upon it. To her, it is sacred as the last resting place of one of the martyrs of the "Lost Cause." When the last great trump shall sound, and the earth gives up its dead, then, it may be, and only then will the secrets of that grave be known to those who have often paused as they passed it and wondered who slept beneath. And then, too, the weary exiles in the Flowery Land, the haughty mistress of Maxwell Manor, the lovely master of gloomy Hardington, the young wife and husband who have commenced to tread one of life's most prominent, responsible and dangerous paths; all, will be judged by Him in whose courts of eternal justice, the chiefest of the ministering spirits is—Charity.

The End.

"CHIVALRY."

That able and very accomplished gentleman, the late General James Johnston Pettigrew, in his work on *Spain and the Spaniards*, has some judicious and admirable remarks on the failure of foreign editors and illustrators of *Don Quixote* to accurately comprehend the character of both the Knight and his famous Squire, Sancho Panza. For instance, Tony Johannot makes a caricature of both personages, representing the attendant as "a sort of Dutch boor," and the gallant and high-spirited Knight as simply "ridic-

ulous and absurd." But, says the greatly lamented North Carolinian, "both are erroneous. Don Quixote is a monomaniac, but a true and loyal gentleman, whose hands were never soiled by anything unworthy of the exalted ideal which, in his madness, he adopted as a model. The *spirit* that prompted him has always existed in Spain. It elevated her to the throne of the world. Something beyond the mere practical, some little *ideality* is necessary to greatness. The veneration and enthusiasm of a soldier for a strip of soiled, shot-torn bunting, fluttering from an old staff, is purely imaginative; yet, what noble deeds has it not prompted! In our day, devotion to an idea is stamped as Quixotism, fanaticism, and considered a fair subject for ridicule. Even chivalry has become a term of reproach." How true is this last remark! "But," he continues, and remember he writes in 1859, "the next generation will probably be convinced of its error, and confess that happiness is not confined to the gratification of bodily or even intellectual desires."

Many of us knew how pure, how elevated, how noble, how knightly was the writer of the above just sentiments. No base or ignoble character ever cherished such views or ventured to tell them to the "dead, cold ear" of a materialistic and sordid people. They are such sentiments as have inspired the highest manhood and the loftiest patriotism of the world, for, as Lord John Russell once truly stated it, "chivalry is the issue of virtue."

It was, we believe, *Appleton's Journal*, the best of Northern literary weeklies, that gently took Christian Reid to task for using the term "chivalry" in her novels, and insisted that such a word was wholly out of place. When such a publication fails to understand the meaning of this term as used by poets, philosophers and novelists, and especially as it is understood in the South, it will not be wondered at if writers of less culture should mistake its meaning and make a false criticism upon its use. By a certain class of Hotspurs who talk flippantly of honor and appeal to the "code duello" upon the slightest provocation, "chivalry" is but another name for an invitation "to coffee and pistols for two." But this is merely a perversion of the term—an abuse of the true spirit that should animate the true Knight—a false aspect of the whole case. In genuine "chivalry" the highest virtue, honor, the gentlest courtesy, the most perfect justice,

the truest courage, the completest manliness are ever found. It is always

> "Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim,
> And guard the way of life from all offense,
> Suffered or done." *

Show us the man whose life is shaped and ordered by a constant appeal to honor, virtue, courtesy, justice, courage and manliness, and we shall behold the highest type of the purest and best civilization. Without these cardinal principles there cannot be the perfect *gentleman*—the best abused word of our times. It was the blending of these supreme virtures that formed the manners of the true Knights of old, as it is the blending of them that fashions the true gentleman now.

> "For *manners* are not idle, but the fruit
> Of loyal nature, and of noble mind."

Whilst the sentiments and principles of "chivalry" were not practiced by Greeks or Romans in their warfare, the philosophers were not without many noble and elevating views of human life. In Cicero's fine treatise on "The True Ends of Life"—*De Finibus Bonorum et Malorem*—he gives utterance to much exalted and refined sentiment worthy of a christian philosopher and of the gentlest knight. He makes the Epicurean say that "vice is but ignorance of real judgment"—that "only the wise man is really happy"—that a "man distracted by passions" can not enjoy "happiness." He makes the Stoic argue that it is all nonsense "to take good words in your mouth, and prate before applauding citizens of honor, duty, and so forth, while you make your private lives a mere selfish calculation of expediency"—that men are "surely born for nobler ends than this," and that no one "who is worthy of the name of man would subscribe to doctrines *which destroy all honor and all chivalry.*" In the Patonic dialogue in the third book, he puts wise and just sentiments into the mouth of Marcus Cato. He makes him declare that "honor is the rule—the end of man's existence"—that "wrong and injustice are more really contrary" to life, according to nature, "than either death, or poverty, or bodily suffering, or any untoward evil"—that all

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*Wordsworth.

bodily pleasures "fade into nothing before the splendors of virtue," and to compare the two "is like holding a candle against the sunlight, or setting a drop of brine against the waves of the ocean."

Again in his famous treatise "On Moral Duties"—*De Officiis*—in which the great orator and true philosopher addresses his absent son, after the manner of Aristotle, upon the character of a true gentleman, he utters sentiments that are as beautiful as just, and are incomparably finer and nobler than anything to be found in Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son, in which he treats on the same subject. The Roman rises above the Englishman in dignity of expression and propriety and elevation of sentiment. If we would find the Roman equalled we must appeal to Edmund Burke, the greatest of statesmen. "Honor" is the main-spring of Cicero's thoughts in his letters. With him "honor" represents precisely those virtues and graces that Burke's "chivalry" represented—"that unbought grace of life—the nurse of heroic sentiment and manly enterprise,"—to employ the language of the foremost philosophic statesman.* Cicero says that "we are born not for ourselves only, but for our kindred and fatherland." "We owe duties not only to those who are benefitted but to those who have wronged us. We should render to all their due, even to the lowest of mankind." According to him "honor gives a peculiar and sweet lustre to every action. It produces courtesy of manners, establishes public credit, and smooths the harsh features of the law. In war it exerts its influence, "producing that moderation and good faith between contending armies which are the surest basis of a lasting peace." According to him, the elements of all the virtues are centred in "honor"—wisdom and justice, fortitude and temperance. He quotes Plato's fine saying about "wisdom" and applies it to "honor"—"if this 'honor' could but be seen in all her full beauty by mortal eyes, the whole world would fall in love with her." Cicero also discourses of justice, truth, liberality, greatness of soul, and grace of manner. All these ideas or principles enter into the modern notion of genuine "chivalry"—that "unbought grace of life." There

*According to a learned English authority the Latin *honestus* expresses far more than our English "honesty" and "honor," for "it conveys a progress of thought from comeliness and grace of person to a noble and graceful character—all whose works are done in honesty and honor."

is a passage in Persius that has been pronounced the noblest lines in all Latin poetry that are germane to our subject: "Nay, then, let us offer to the gods that which the debauched sons of great Messala can never bring on their broad charges,—A SOUL WHEREIN THE LAWS OF GOD AND MAN ARE BLENDED.—A HEART PURE TO ITS INMOST DEPTHS,—A BREAST INGRAINED WITH A NOBLE SENSE OF HONOR. Let me but bring these with me to the altar, and I care not though my offering be a handful of corn."

Surely such noble sentiments as we have gathered were fit precursors of those high principles and pure opinions and ideas that controlled and animated the lives of the best men of a later time, making their names a perpetual benediction, and shedding a serene beauty and grace over the very name of civilization! We are compelled to hold in high esteem the man who could aver that "one single day *well spent*, and in accordance with thy precepts, were better to be chosen than an immortality of sin." So spake Cicero when addressing Philosophy. Said the rarely gifted F. W. Robertson, referring to the self-sacrifice of the Decii and other Romans, "The world must bow before such men; for unconsciously, here was a form of the spirit of the Cross—self-surrender, unconquerable fidelity to duty, sacrifice for others." At a later period these virtues were beautifully illustrated in the lives of the heroes of "chivalry."

We must say of our times, when we refer to the nation at large, as Edmund Burke said of his times: "the age of chivalry has gone, and one of calculators and economists has succeeded." To us this appears unquestionably true when applied to "the age" and to the people of the United States. But we rejoice that the highest forms of "chivalry" still find expression and embodiment in individual character. There are yet remaining "seven thousand" who have not bowed down and worshipped the golden image that Utilitarianism has set up. If, as Lord Byron said, "Cervantes laughed Spain's chivalry away" be true, it was sad for Spain that it was so, for with her splendid Knights departed her glory and her greatness. Yankee ridicule has tried its hand upon "Southern chivalry" for three generations past, but fortunately for the reputation and happiness of our people, it has signally failed to "laugh" it "away," or to expel it from the hearts of our most ideal types of manhood. Wendell Phillips, bla-

tant and fanatical as he is, concedes to the best people of the South the virtue of unyielding devotion to principle, and the most earnest and genuine manliness.

The "chivalry" of the South during the late war found its illustration in the stainless honor and exquisite gentleness and sweetness of Robert Edmund Lee, and in such knightly heroes as "Stonewall" Jackson, and William D. Pender, and Johnston Pettigrew, and Leonidas Polk, who first bore true service to their Maker and then to their country.

In every age of great empires and heroic development,

> "Honor, vertues meed
> Doth bear the fayrest flouri in honorable seed."*

But the want of that very "chivalry" that so long time constituted the theme for the ribald jester and the blatant demagogue, was in the army of the North amply and sadly manifested in the characters of many representative men and chosen leaders, and specially and notably in such a degenerate specimen of a soldier as "Piegan" Sheridan, who could wantonly devastate a large part of a great State, and could inhumanly burn an entire Indian village and slaughter all the defenceless old men and helpless women and children; and in Sherman, a sort of mixture of the Vandal and Goth, *minus* the chief quality that entered into the character of those mediæval terrors, for according to the testimony of some of his own people, he is destitute of that trait that is rarely found wanting in the common soldier—courage; but he was brave enough at least to organize, or, permit to be organized, a corps of thieves and marauders, known as "bummers," who stole and burnt and outraged as they went; and he was daring enough to lay waste and destroy the homes and plantations of thousands of non-combatants, and to wickedly and satanically burn such cities as Atlanta and Columbia; and, to crown his pyramid of infamy, could deliberately falsify, according to his own published confession, in an official report to his government, that he might seriously injure the good name of a brave and able officer of the opposing army.

That no injustice is done this to favorite General of the North,

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* Spencer's "Fairie Queene."

will be seen from the following passage that occurs in volume second, page 287, of "Sherman's Memoirs:"

"In my official report of this conflagration," the burning of the beautiful city of Columbia, the Capital of South Carolina, "*I distinctly charged it to General Wade Hampton*, and *confess I did so pointedly to shake the faith of his people in him*, for he was in my opinion a braggart, and professed to be the special champion of South Carolina."

Shame upon the fellow who could write that paragraph truthfully of himself! What reliance can be placed in the statements of any writer who could pen the above precious morceau with unblushing effrontery? What does such a creature know of honor, or courtesy, or truth, or manliness?

> "Say, what is honor? 'Tis *the finest sense*
> *Of Justice*, which the human mind can frame."*

We are not surprised to hear Gen. Frank Blair declaring that the great Bummer was deficient in courage when we find him so utterly destitute of truth, justice and honor. We are not surprised that his "Memoirs" are bitterly assailed by those of his own household because of their personal vindictiveness and false statements. So faithless is he to every manly sentiment and to every knightly quality, as able and penetrating a journal as is the London *Saturday Review*, is constrained to say of him, that "he was one of those Northern commanders *who violated most conspicuously the laws of civilized war*, apparantly from no other motive than to gratify a powerful faction with which he had no real sympathy, and hence he is driven to speak of the Southerners in language which, employed towards a ruined, plundered and downtrodden people, seems *alike unsoldierly and unworthy*."

Gen. McClellan attempted to conduct the war upon the principles of humanity and mercy, and he was dismissed the service.† Gen. Don Carlos Buell, and Gen. W. S. Hancock, soldiers of high character and animated by the impulses and principles of a chivalric manhood, were soon superceded or disgraced because they were unwilling to stain their swords with the blood of the innocent, and to tarnish their good names by acts of violence and

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*Wordsworth.

†See his letter to President Lincoln in this number, page

rapine. These three Northern officers believed in conducting war according to a high civilization, and *not* according to the ferocious and cruel notions of a semi-barbarous people. They were not appreciated. They were fighting under the wrong flag. When we study such characters as Sherman and Sheridan and Dahlgren,* we may well believe with that great and noble philosophic statesman, Burke, "that the age of chivalry has gone," and that the "age" of brigands, cowards and boasters is upon us. With the pure Pettigrew we must agree that it is a great "error" to make "chivalry a term of reproach." Such creatures as the Raider of the Valley and the Bummer of Georgia and the Carolinas, are indeed a reproach to the name of soldiers; are

"The scorne of Knighthood and trew Chevalrye,"*

for they are

"Without desert of gentle deed
And noble worth ——-."†

That great advocate, Lord Erskine, once happily said,

"I never knew a man remarkable for heroic bearing, whose very aspect was not lighted up by gentleness and humanity, nor a *kill-and-eat-him* countenance that did not cover the heart of a bully and a poltroon." This remark is one of universal application, fitted to all times and countries and peoples. In every age there have been strangely mingled the noble and ignoble—the lofty and the mean.

The word "chivalry" more nearly expresses the true idea of knightliness and manliness than any other. We cannot do without it, for we have no other term that so exactly represents high courage and true refinement, lofty honor and engaging courtesy, great strength of character, and almost unmanly gentleness and mercy. The ancients at large knew but little of what we mean by "chivalry." It required the softening and refining effects of Christianity upon such rugged and vigorous character as distinguished the Roman civilization ere we beheld the true knight—the pure hero—the perfect ideal of the Christian soldier, *sans peur et sans reproche.*

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*The raider upon Richmond.

†Spencer's "Fairie Queene."

In the great lives of the Middle Ages—in Godfrey of Bouillon, in Sir Philip Sidney, in Tanend, in Chevalier Bayard, in the Black Prince, we have the ideal knight of legend, chronicle and song. In them the valor, "the sentiment of personal honor," the unfaltering "fidelity to his chieftain which characterized the Teutonic civilization," was firmly united with the poetic taste, "the grace, the skill in weapons, the elegant horsemanship, the gallantry," the utter truthfulness, the kindness and mercy for the vanquished which marked the Oriental. In them were found "the virtues and elegancies" of the Oriental, and the "strength and defects of the Teuton."* From this blending of manifold qualities "sprang chivalry, which gradually spread over Europe and contained the first germ"* of a high and genuine civilization. With the advent of the Knights of Chivalry came humanity in war. Before the times of the Moorish and Spanish Knights, war was butchery. "It was a brutal, bloody, ferocious means of destruction. Gentle mercy to the vanquished was as unknown to the Hebrews, Greeks, or Romans, as to the Franks or Anglo-Saxons."* It was in beautiful Spain—in romantic and charming Andalusia, that the chivalrous spirit first prevailed, and "a distinction was recognized between the armed foe, careering in the pride of equal strength, and the same foe dismounted and prostrate under the victor's feet."*

In Sherman and Sheridan we find the old ferocious blood of Vandal and Goth and Visigoth, of Roman and Hebrew and Frank, still coursing, in spite of the softening grace of Knighthood and the chastening influence of civilization. They are unable to understand the benign teachings of the Prince of Peace, or to practice the Knightly courtesy, the generous forbearance, the merciful considerateness, or to cherish the noble principles and pure sentiments of the chivalrous Spaniard or the gentle, imaginative, valorous Moor of the past. We find these manly virtues and graces exemplified in the lives of Havelock and of England, in Lee and Jackson and other soldiers of the "Lost Cause," but with yet a still higher and rarer combinations of qualities—the principles of the stainless hero being united to humility and consecration of the true Christian.

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*Gen. Pettigrew.

When we read the oath that a knight was required to take—no "iron-clad" affair to crush out natural instinct and make a coward and traitor—but a solemn vow, his hand resting between the hands of his sovereign, as he swore that he would always "*speak the truth, succor the helpless and oppressed,* and *never turn back from an enemy*"—when we read this we begin to understand what "chivalry," means, and the best part of us is stirred when we reflect upon such a pledge. The great English poet, Tennyson, in his *Idylls of the King*, has developed or stated more fully the oath as given by Sir Thomas Mallory. He gives it thus:

> "To teach the heathen and uphold the Christ;
> To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
> To speak no slander, no, *nor listen to it,*
> To lead sweet lives in purest charity,
> To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
> And worship her by years of noble deeds,
> Until they won her."

It was almost impossible for such a noble code to produce aught but noble characters. It is true, in the course of ages, Knighthood lost its ancient character, but there has been no time when the modern world has been without its true knightly heroes, and to-day "the vow in which chivalry bound itself is the truest utterance of genuine manliness. Truth, mercy, and courage,—these are the elements of real manliness always." Such is the just sentiment of a Northern writer. In no age and among no people have these great virtues—*truth, mercy* and *courage*—found grander exponents than in many of the leaders in Confederate times, both among soldiers and civilians.

> "Life may be given in many ways,
> And loyalty to truth be sealed
> As bravely in the closet as the field,
> So bountiful is fate;
> But then to stand beside her,
> When craven churls deride her;
> To front a lie in arms and not to yield;
> This shows, methinks, God's plan
> And measure of a stalwart man,
> Limbed like the old heroic breeds,
> Who stand self-poised on manhood's solid earth,
> Not forced to frame excuses for his mirth,
> Fed from within with all the strength he needs."*

*Jas. Russell Lowell.—*Ideal Manhood.*

But there is the opposite of all this, and Mr. Burke has aptly characterized it as the age of "calculators and economists"—an age given up to the purely practical and utterly ignoring and despising the ideal, the imagination, the romantic—an age of money-grabbers and fortune hunters, whose ideal philosopher is Benjamin Franklin, with his sordid maxims and utilitarian views—an age wholly surrendered to universal selfishness and insatiate greed. Such an age, now known as the "gilded," will laugh at honor, ridicule "chivalry," make fun of Washington and Lee, and be utterly incredulous and as deaf as an adder when you insist upon speaking the truth, succoring the helpless and the oppressed, and never turning your back upon your enemy.

The man who prefers the age of sham and grab and greed to the age of truth and honor and manliness and knightly courtesy, is a sordid fellow at best, with grovelling tastes and ignoble instincts. What else can he be but debased and mean when virtue seems to him a shadow, when it is right to win success at any cost, when honor is hissed in the public marts, and when men appear to him worthy of companionship because their villiany. their lying, their cheating, their swindling have been successful? The Northern writer from whom we have quoted, whose name is unknown to us, has some pertinent observations of which we avail ourself. He says:

"It is a great pity that ours is *not* an "age of chivalry"; that there are so few who love the truth for truth's own sake, and honor "for sweet honor's sake"; who believe it is possible to be pitiful and manly, gentle and strong at the same time; who would rather die than be guilty of a base action; who will neither "speak slander, no, nor listen to it"; who can forget self in the claims of a great cause, or who ever once realize of what the altar and the cross are symbols."

As we read this, the pure images of Lee and Jackson and Polk and Pender and Pettigrew rise up before us to put the seal of condemnation and infamy upon the brutal Sheridan and the untruthful Sherman.

We gladly copy the following admirable paragraph from the writer already quoted from:

"The ideal of the knight in those old chivalrous times is after all the true ideal. Manliness is not mere softness and gentleness, nor is it mere toughness and strenuousness. Jesus gives us this true ideal when he requires that man shall become the little

child, and yet without ceasing to be the man. To recover that tenderness which the world's hardness had so hardened, that guilelessness which the world's corruption had so corrupted, that faith which the world's falseness had soured into such utter distrust, the singleness of eye, the ready sympathy, the teachableness, the confidingness which were once ours, and have these again, in association with all that developed power and force, culture of intellect and vigor of will have gained to us,—that is what Jesus meant by a Christian. It is the ideal which many a one has reached more nearly that many of us do, in the face of far greater difficulties than ours, and with far fewer helps. 'Such things,' says the late Dr. James Hamilton, speaking of those noble qualities so eminently shown in conspicuous examples of the true knighthood, 'are no doubt older than mediæval chivalry,—some of them, we think, as old as Moses, and all of them as old as that Divine model from whose inspiring examples through channels sufficiently torturous and turbid, they originally came. * * * And right sorry should we be if in standing up for the absent or feeble, in forgiving the fallen, if in fulfilling his promises, if in commanding his passions, the soldier of Jesus Christ did not show that piety is the supreme of nobleness, and the Christian is the flower of chivalry.'"

The South is indeed poor. The blighting breath of misfortune has smitten her fair fields. She has lost nearly all of her material wealth, but she has not lost her honor and her fame. The memory of the past, with all of its hallowed associations, is hers. The record of her sons is imperishable. The story of her woes, the history of her renown in arms, will be read in the ages to come by the wise and good. Her Washington, her Lee, her Jackson her Graham, her Calhoun, her Gaston, her Preston, her Clay, who have stamped the signet of their souls so deep upon the history of this nation by their acts and speech and life, will live as long as free government lasts; nay, their memories will keep their lofty heights like the stars that shine nightly above us, when just laws are unknown and liberty has fled the land.

If the South shall be true to herself, then a bearable if not an illustrious and felicitous future, awaits her. Let the pure principles and noble virtues of 'chivalry" be ever maintained among our people. Let Honor, Truth, Mercy, Courtesy, Courage be the guiding stars, the animating virtues, the governing laws of conduct. Let Industry, Frugality and Temperance be the habit of our lives. By these "our strength will grow, sinewed to action."

Let us labor in our spheres, cherishing all the graces and virtues, remembering that "victory is born of endurance."

> "'Tho' much is taken, much abides; and though
> We are not now the strength which in old days
> Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are—
> One equal temper of heroic hearts,
> Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
> To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."*

T. B. K.

NOTE.—Since the above was written we have procured a copy of an admirable essay upon the same subject, from the pen of the late Mrs. Colonel Edmondson, of Halifax. Its title is—"The Morte D'Arthur: Its influence on the Spirit and Manners of the Nineteenth Century." It is a pamphlet of 40 pages, and was published in 1872. It is a most felicitous and opportune production, and richly merits to be generally read. It is indicative of culture, wide reading, elevated taste, and true womanly sympathy for the oppressed and the noble and good. If we could have procured a copy before we had written our own paper, we would gladly have drawn upon it at large, for it contains a great deal that deserves to be widely known. The gifted author arraigns the Geisericks, Attilas and Alarics of the Northern army before the tribunal of true Knighthood, and brands them with those evil deeds that forever sully the good name of gentleman, and bring a lasting disgrace upon the era of civilization. Sherman, Butler, Hunter, Warren, Blair, Pope, Steinwerh, Milroy, Sturgis, Kautz, Averill, Sheridan, Kilpatrick, Dahlgren, Custar and Wilson, are convicted of such acts of wanton indecency, cruelty and coarseness as to banish them from the ranks of "chivalry" and the courts of Knightly courtesy, humanity and honor. We have not the space now for such extracts as we would like to make. In some future number we hope to copy *in extenso* from her suggestive and instructive pages.

We desire to put on record by way of contrast, two orders that were issued by two representative men of two opposing armies. Every one remembers the following "General Order No. 28," that the infamous "Major-General Butler, U. S. A." caused to be issued when in command of the "Department of the Gulf," on May 15, 1862. We copy it *verbatim:*

*Tennyson's "Ulysses."

"As the officers and soldiers of the United States have been subjected to repeated insults *from the women calling themselves ladies of New Orleans,* in return for the most scrupulous non-interference and courtesy on our part,—*it is ordered* that hereafter when *any female shall, by word, gesture,* or *movement,* insult or *show contempt* for *any officer or soldier* of the United States, SHE SHALL BE REGARDED and HELD LIABLE TO BE TREATED AS A WOMAN OF THE TOWN PLYING HER VOCATION."

No wonder that the true representatives of Civilization the world over have united in branding the scurvy fellow who could issue that order of abominations, as a genuine and unmistakable "Beast." And yet, that veritable fellow has since been a member of the U. S. House of Representatives from Massachusetts, and was for a long time the leader of the dominant Republican party in that body. Is he a fit exponent of that section that holds in contempt both the form and spirit of "chivalry," and laughs at those who would insist upon the observance in peace and in war of all those courtesies, humanities and virtues which illu trated the annals of the past and threw such a halo around the names of the great and true Knights of the Old World? And now read the following, and make the contrast:

"HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
Chambersburg, Pa., June 27th, 1863.

"General Order No. 73.

"The Commanding General has observed with marked satisfaction the conduct of the troops on the march.

"There have, however, been instances of forgetfulness on the part of some that they have in keeping the yet unsullied reputation of this army, and that the duties exacted of us by civilization and Christianity are *not less obligatory* in the *country of the enemy* than in our own.

"The Commanding General considers that no greater disgrace could befall the army, and through it our whole people, than the perpetration of the barbarous outrages upon the unarmed and defenceless, and the wanton destruction of private property, *that have marked the course of the enemy in our own country.* * * It must be remembered that we make war only upon armed men. * * * The Commanding General therefore earnestly exhorts the troops to abstain with scrupulous care from unnecessary or wanton injury to private property, and enjoins upon all officers

to arrest and *bring to summary punishment* all who shall in any way offend against the orders on this subject."

"R. E. LEE, *General.*"

Mrs. Edmondson, after copying the entire order, asks most pertinently—"Has not *that* the ring of true Christian chivalry—the chivalry of King Arthur's days? Does not General Robert E. Lee's charge to his troops breathe the same spirit as that famous one given by King Arthur to his Knights of the Round Table when he 'stablished them.'"?*

How this "Order" was obeyed we have the explicit testimony of both English and Northern writers. The London *Times'* correspondent, writing of the "Rebel" invasion of Pennsylvania declares that "the greatest susprise has been expressed to me by officers from the Austrian, Prussian, and English armies, each of which has a representative here, * * * that volunteer troops, *provoked by nearly twenty-seven months of unparalleled ruthlessness and wantonness of which their country has been the scene,* should be under such control, and willing to act in harmony with the long suffering and forbearance of President Davis and General Lee." He gives this touching and beautiful picture: "To-day a spectacle was witnessed the like of which in my belief has never been exhibited by any great Captain during the last hundred years Gen. Lee wandered away a few yards from his quarters, and observed a rail-fence girding a field of which a few rails had been pulled down and a gap into the field opened. With his own hand and unassisted he commenced repairing the fence, until at last Dr. Cullen, of Longstreet's staff, came to his assistance, and together they made good the damage."

Col. McClure, of Pennsylvania, in his official report, bears witness to the good conduct of the Confederates. He tells of hundreds coming to him and "asking for bread and coffee," and officers who "were wet and shivering" "asking permission to enter" a house in which they saw a bright fire "and warm themselves

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*"By no means to be cruel, but to give mercy unto him that asketh mercy * * * and always to do damselles, ladies, and gentle-women succor, upon pain of death; also that no man take no battles in a wrongful quarrel, for no law nor for world's goods." A part of King Arthur's Charge, in "Sir Thomas Mallory's Book of King Arthur."

until their coffee should be ready, assuring me that under no circumstances should anything in the house be touched by their men." Now another contrast.

Gen. Hunter, U. S. A., boasted that he had so desolated a part of Virginia "that a crow flying over it would have to carry his own rations." He told Mrs. Lewis, of Greenbrier county, that he "*intended that the women should suffer.* I organized this raid for that special purpose. The women of the South are the *fiends* that have kept up this war."

Gen. Warren, U. S. A., said to Mrs. William Currie, of Hanover county, Va., "Madame, we read in history that the women of Jerusalem *ate their own babies* during the seige of that city; *you* may have to come to that yet." Now is not that simply horrible?

Gen. Blair, U. S. A., packed with his own hands and sent it home the exquisite china of Mrs. Peter M. Hale, of Fayetteville, N. C., after having forcibly entered her home. She is the daughter of the late eminent Senator George E. Badger. But enough, you say! One more extract and example. A war correspondent of the New York *Express*, who was with Sherman in his march through Georgia, tells of his General's worse than vandalism. He tells of "women, girls and children" being "huddled together" in the ravines "in a state of starvation," and "turns from the scene sick at heart that he could do nothing for them." To crown this pyramid of infamy read Sherman's cruel "Expatriation Order No. 67," in which he drives out "*at once*" the entire inhabitants of the city of Atlanta, Ga., and causes to be seized the entire property of the citizens. He afterwards burned Atlanta as he did Columbia.

It is necessary that these things be remembered. They serve "to point a moral," and throw great light upon the two peoples who dwell in the two great sections of the Union. If the "spirit and manners" of genuine "chivalry" had not been ignored, such outrages would never have been perpetrated upon helpless women and children and upon unarmed men. May the South ever cherish that spirit of true "chivalry" that finds expression in honor, truth, fidelity, mercy and courtesy! . . . .

Educational Department.

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AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT CHAPEL HILL ON THE OCCASION OF THE RE-OPENING OF THE UNIVERSITY, THE 15th SEPEMBER, 1875.

In the providence of God, it is permitted to but a few men to attain the age of three score years and ten. It is permitted to still fewer to survive for half a century the anniversary of their graduation at any one of the Universities of the country. And it is permitted to the fewest of all to live to see the downfall of their *alma mater*, and then to witness its resurrection. Under these peculiar circumstances I come before you on this occasion—an occasion of proud recollections, tender memories and fond anticipations. We look back with swelling emotions of pride to the high position to which our beloved University had attained before the commencement of the late disastrous civil war. We remember, in sadness and sorrow, the prostrate condition to which she was reduced by that war, and we are now filled with joy at the fair prospect of her resuscitation.

In looking around for a theme with which to entertain you on this re-opening of the University, I have thought that I could not select one more appropriate than that of giving a brief account of its origin and history, adding a few remarks upon the influence which it has had upon the country.

It is the boast of our State, that even in its organic law, provision is made for the instruction of our youth in all useful learning. By the 41st section of the Constitution of 1776, it is declared "That a school or schools shall be established by the legislature for the convenient instruction of youth, with such salaries to the masters, paid by the public, as may enable them to instruct at low prices; and all useful learning shall be duly encouraged and promoted in one or more universities." The merit of those who

adopted this wise provision cannot be duly appreciated, without adverting for a moment to the time at, and the circumstances under, which it was made. The war of the Revolution had but fairly commenced, and the Declaration of Independence had only a few months before been promulgated, when a convention of the people met at the town of Halifax for the purpose of preparing a Constitution or form of government for the State. The country was poor, the people generally very slightly educated, and the war then raging of doubtful issue, yet the members of the convention were resolved that their posterity should enjoy those advantages of education which had been denied to the most of them. There can be no doubt that a large majority of those members had been instructed in the plain rules of reading, writing and arithmetic, but destitute as they were of book learning. they had, in the business of social and political life, improved their mental faculties, and had thereby educated themselves to a due appreciation of the rights and privileges to which, as freemen. they were entitled. A few, and but a few of them, were men who had been more favored by fortune, and were well instructed in all the branches of a classical and scientific education. Prominent among these were Richard Caswell, Thomas Burke, Abner Nash, John Ashe, Samuel Ashe, David Caldwell, Joseph Hughes, Thomas Jones, Allen Jones, Willie Jones, Cornelius Harnett, Archibald McLane and Waightstill Avery. Richard Caswell was President of the Convention, and Thomas Burke was chairman of the committee on the Constitution. They were both eminent lawyers, and it is to them and to their enlightened compeers that we are indebted for that section in the Constitution from which have eminated our University, our Colleges, and our noble system of Common Schools. The Constitution was ratified the 18th day of December, 1776, and the war ceased by a definitive treaty of peace which secured our independence in September, 1789; but it was not until the year 1789 that the financial condition of the State justified the legislature in making the necessary expenditures for the foundation of a University. In that year the charter of this institution was granted, and among the patriotic and enlightened members who advocated it, no one stood more conspicuous than General William R. Davie. Of his efforts on that occasion, the te Judge Murphy, who delivered the first annual address before

the two literary societies of the institution, thus spoke in that address: "The General Assembly resolved to found our University. I was present in the House of Commons, when Davie addressed that body upon the bill granting a loan of money to the Trustees for erecting the buildings of this University, and although more than thirty years have since elapsed, I have the most vivid recollection of the greatness of his manner, and the power of his eloquence upon that occasion." After the grant of the charter, the first object which engaged the attention of the Trustees, was to fix upon a site for the institution. The first board consisted of forty members who resided in various parts of the State, and were all distinguished for their social position and influence. The committee appointed for that purpose, after a careful examination of many places which had been suggested to them as suitable, selected Chapel Hill. This place was so called from its being the site of one of the ante-revolutionary churches of the English establishment. It may not be uninteresting to advert to the terms in which the location was spoken of in one of the public journals of that day:

"The seat of the University is on the summit of a very high ridge. There is a gentle declivity of three hundred yards to the village, which is situated in a handsome plain considerable lower than the site of the public buildings, but so greatly elevated above the neighboring country as to furnish an extensive landscape. The ridge appears to commence about half a mile directly east of the college buildings, when it rises abruptly several hundred feet. This peak is called Point Prospect. The peak country spreads off below like the ocean, giving an immense hemisphere, in which the eye seems to be lost in the extent of space."

The building committee, having in the year 1793, secured a competent contractor in the person of Mr. James Patterson, of Chatham county, the 12th day of October in that year, was fixed upon for laying the corner stone of the first building. The following account of the ceremony subsequently appeared in the journal to which we have already referred:

"A large number of the brethren of the Masonic order from Hillsborough, Chatham, Granville and Warren attended to assist at the ceremony of placing the corner stone; and the procession for this purpose moved from Mr. Patterson's at 12 o'clock in the

following order: The Masonic brethren in their usual order of procession, the Commissioners, the Trustees not Commissioners, the Hon. Judge McKay and other public officers, then followed the gentlemen of the vicinity. On approaching the South end of the building the Masons opened to the right and left, and the Commissioners, &c., passed through and took their place. The Masonic procession then moved on, passed the foundation of the building, and halted with their usual ceremonies opposite the southeast corner where William Richardson Davie, Grand Master of the Fraternity, &c., in his State, assisted by two Masters of Lodges and four other officers, laid the corner stone, enclosing a plate to commemorate the transaction."

The Rev. Dr. McCorkle, a member of the Board of Trustees, then made an appropriate and eloquent address to his fellow members and spectators, which closed as follows:

"The seat of the University was next sought for, and the public eye selected Chapel Hill, a lovely situation in the centre of the State, at a convenient distance from the Capital, in a healthy and fertile neighborhood. May this hill be for religion as the ancient hill of Zion; and for literature and the muses may it surpass the ancient Parnassus! We this day enjoy the pleasure of seeing the corner stone of the University, its foundations, its material, and architects of the buildings, and we hope ere long to see its stately walls and spire ascending to their summit. Ere long we hope to see it adorned with an elegant village, accommodated with all the necessaries and conveniences of civilized society."

This address was followed by a short prayer, which closed with the united *Amen* of an immense concourse of people.

The building since called the east, having been sufficiently prepared, Mr. Hinton James, the first student, arrived on the hill the 12th day of February, 1795, and the exercises of the institution were soon after commenced. The first instructor was the Rev. David Kerr, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, who was Professor of Ancient Languages, and he was assisted by Samuel Allen Holmes in the Preparatory Department. Shortly afterwards Charles W. Harris, a native of Iredell county, in this State, and a graduate of Princeton College in New Jersey, was appointed Professor of Mathematics, but he held the office only one year, when he was succeeded by the Rev. Joseph Caldwell, who was

also a graduate of Princeton, and a native of New Jersey. The first commencement, at which the degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred, was held in the year 1798, when seven young men, among whom was Hinton James, received that degree.

For several years after the erection of the first building, the accommodations for the students, both in the Collegiate and the Preparatory Department, remained nearly the same. The old Chapel and the East were the only edifices, and the latter was then only two stories high, and contained but sixteen rooms. The old Chapel was the *Aula Personica* in whice the degrees were for many years conferred.

The South building was commenced, carried up a story and a half, and then left for a long time in an unfinished state. We are told by the Rev. Dr. Hooper, in his admirable address before the Alumni of this institution, entitled "Fifty years since," that the students, who could not well prepare their lessons in the crowded domitories of the East, were in the habit of erecting cabins in the corners of the unfinished brick walls of the South, where they could prepare their studies to better advantage. But Dr. Caldwell, who was then President, could not endure this state of things; and by his active exertions the sum of twelve thousand dollars was raised by subscription, which enabled the Trustees to have the South building completed. This was done in 1812; and about the year 1824 the West building was erected, and an additional story was put upon the East. Shortly after, the new chapel was built, and in 1848 extensions were added to the East and West buildings, which was done mainly for the accommodation of the two Literary Societies, whose rooms in the third story of the South had become too small for the greatly increased number of their members. The buildings since erected have been the University Library and the wings to the East and West. The two last were finished and prepared for occupation only a short time before the war. The beautiful and commodious new Society Halls contained in them have been the admiration of all beholders.

At the commencement of the institution, and for several years afterwards, the range of studies was very contracted. Greek was not introduced into the course until 1804, and in the year 1807 we learn that Morse's geography was one of the principal studies

of the sophomore class. The higher mathematics were not introduced until the Rev. Elisha Mitchell came here as professor of that science in 1818. The same year witnessed the advent of Denison Olmstead as the first Professor of Chemistry; and in the year following, the Rev. Shepherd K. Kollock was in like manner, the first Professor of Rhetoric and Logic. After that time the number and variety of studies were greatly increased, and it is believed that when the University went down in 1868, the college curriculum was very nearly on as high a scale as any in the United States.

Prior to the adoption of our present constitution in July, 1868, the government of the University was under the management of a Board of Trustees consisting of sixty-five members, of whom seven constituted a quorum, and of whom the Governor of the State was *ex-officio* the President. The members were elected by the Legislature, and consisted mainly of the most distinguished and eminent men of the State. For the practical administration of the affairs of the Board, a committee, composed of the Governor and six other members, constituted the executive committee to whom was referred all matters relating to the outside government of the University. By the present constitution the University was continued, but it was placed under a very different control and management. By the 5th section of the 9th Article it was provided that the University of North Carolina, with its lands, emoluments and franchises, is under the control of the State, and shall be held to an inseparable connection with the free public school system of the State."

Section 6th of the same Article ordained that "The General Assembly shall provide that the benefits of the University, as far as practicable, be extended to the youth of the State free of expense for tuition; also that all property which has heretofore accrued to the State, or shall hereafter accrue from escheats, unclaimed dividends, or distributive shares of the estates of deceased persons, shall be appropriated to the use of the University."

Section 7. "The Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Secretary of the State, Treasurer, Auditor, Superintendent of Public Works, Superintendent of Public Instruction and Attorney General, shall constitute a State Board of Education."

Section 8. "The Governor shall be President, and the Super-

intendent of Public Instruction shall be Secretary of the Board of Education."

Section 13. "The Board of Education shall elect Trustees for the University as follows: One Trustee for each county in the State, whose term of office shall be eight years. The first meeting of the Board shall be held within ten days after their election, and at this and every subsequent meeting ten Trustees shall constitute a quorum. The Trustees at the first meeting shall be divided as equally as may be into four classes. The seats of the first class shall be vacated at the expiration of two years; of the second class at the expiration of four years; of the third class at the expiration of six years; of the fourth class at the expiration of eight years; so that one fourth may be chosen every second year."

Section 14. "The Board of Education and the President of the University, shall be *ex-officio* members of the Board of Trustees of the University, and shall, with three other Trustees, to be appointed by the Board of Trustees, constitute the Executive Committee under the existing organization of the Institution. The Governor shall be *ex-officio* President of the Board of Trustees and chairman of the Executive Committee of the University. The Board of Education shall provide for the for the more perfect organization of the Board of Trustees."

Section 15. "All the privileges, rights, franchises and endowments heretofore granted or conferred upon the Board of Trustees of the University of North Carolina by the charter of 1789, or by any subsequent legislation, are hereby vested in the Board of Trustees authorized by this Constitution for the perpetual benefit of the of the University."

Under these provisions of the new Constitution, Trustees of the University were elected by the Board of Education, and at a meeting of the new Board of Trustees, a President and Faculty of the University were appointed, and the exercises of the institutions were opened for students, but it was so little patronized that the exercises were closed in a short time, and no further attempt was made to continue it in operation under the Constitution of 1868. By the action of the Legislature of 1871–'72 and 1872–'73, and the vote of the people in the summer of 1873, the following amendment to the Constitution was adopted: "Strike out the fifth section of the 9th Article, and in lieu thereof insert the following: "The General Assembly shall have power to provide for the election of Trustees of the University of North Carolina, in whom, when chosen, shall be vested all the privileges, rights, franchises and endowments thereof, in any wise granted to

or conferred upon the Trustees of said University; and the General Assembly may make such provisions, laws and regulations from time to time as may be necessary and expedient for the maintenance and management of the University."

Strike out sections thirteen, fourteen and fifteen of the ninth Article relating to the University of North Carolina.

By virtue of this amendment the Legislature at its session of 1873–'74, provided that the Trustees of the University should be elected by a joint vote of the two Houses, and they were accordingly so chosen. The validity of this amendment and the mode of electing the Trustees were soon after questioned, and a suit was brought to have these questions decided. The decision in the Superior Court was adverse to them, but, upon an appeal to the Supreme Court, that decision was reversed, and it is now clearly settled that the persons elected under the amendment and the late law are now the Trustees of the University of North Carolina. Under their auspices, the Professors composing the present Faculty have been appointed, and to them are committed the direction and management of all the various exercises of the institution.

The University has, in the main, been fortunate in its chief officers and instructors. During the first nine years of its existence it had no President, but was under the management of a Professor as presiding officer; that officer, however, was, for the greater part of the time, the same distinguished gentleman who afterwards became its first president. The Rev. Joseph Caldwell, D. D. LL. D., was born in the State of New Jersey, and educated at Princeton College, in which, after his graduation, he became a tutor. In 1796, while quite a young man, he was unanimously elected Professor of Mathematics in our University, the duties of which he filled, amidst many trials and discouragements, with universal acceptability, until 1804, when he was elected president. That high office he continued to hold until his death in the month of January, 1835, with the exception of an interval of four years, from 1812 to 1816, during which time the unsuccessful administration of Dr. Robert H. Chapman occurred. Of his merits in that respect it is hardly necessary for me to speak at this time and in this place. The beautiful monument erected to his memory by the Alumni of this institution, and which now adorns and

graces the College compeer, fully attests his claim to distinction, not only as the head of the University, but as a learned divine, and an early and efficient advocate of a system of Common Schools and internal improvements in this State. In his advocacy of a system of internal improvements under the signature of "Carlton," he was the first to recommend the building of a railroad from the harbor of Beaufort through the State to the Tennessee line, a work which we hope ere long to see completed. Dr. Caldwell was succeeded in the presidency of the institution by the Hon. David L. Swain, L.L. D. He was, in every sense, a very remarkable man. Born in the county of Buncombe, he was prepared for college in a very excellent Classical School kept in the then village, but now beautiful and thriving town of Asheville. He came to the University and joined the Junior Class in 1822, but, owing to straightened pecuniary circumstances, he concluded to leave college and prepare himself for the practice of the law in the office of Chief Justice Taylor, in the city of Raleigh. Soon after obtaining license for that purpose, he returned to Buncombe and was immediately elected to the House of Commons from that county for the year 1824, and continued to serve in that capacity by re-elections in 1825, 1826, 1828 and 1829. His success at the bar and in the Legislature was simultaneous. He soon acquired the reputation of a sound lawyer and skillful advocate at the bar, and that of an able debater and adroit manager in the House of Commons. In that body he had made such an impression on the members by his various acquirements that in 1829 he was chosen Solicitor of the 1st or Edenton judicial circuit, which was then vacant. His election at that time to an office, the duties of which took him so far from his home, was caused by the difficulty of electing any one of the resident candidates of the circuit. He, however, retained the office for a short time only, as, in 1830, he was elected to the higher office of Judges of the Superior Courts, And two years thereafter, in 1832, he was chosen Governor of the State, being at that time younger than any man who ever before or since has held that high office. Having filled the gubernatorial chair by re-elections until December, 1835, he was elected by the Board of Trustees to the Presidency of this institution. I need hardly state to this audience, with what marked and distinguished success he managed the affairs of the University. He had an

extraordinary memory, a strong as well as astute mind, and a thorough knowledge of men, coupled with administrative abilities of a very high order. When he came to take charge of the University in January, 1836, there was not quite one hundred students, and when the late war took them off to swell the ranks of the Southern army, there were nearly four hundred. During his career the finances of the institution were largely increased, so that the annual income was amply sufficient to meet all the wants of the University. His connection with the institution was dissolved by the adoption of our present Constitution in July 1868; and his death, which occurred in August following, deprived the State of one of its most useful, able, accomplished and distinguished citizens.

In administering the affairs of college, and in the business of instruction, the Presidents were aided by a succession of many learned and able professors. Of those who are now members of the faculty, it will not be expected of me to speak; and of those who have gone from us and are still living, I will merely refer you to the Rev. William Hooper, D.D., LL.D.; to Bishop Green, of Mississippi, to Professors Hedrick, Fetter and Hildred H. Smith, and to the Rev. Drs. Deems, Wheat, Shipp and Hubbard. Among the dead there are many names which the friends of the University ought not to permit to be forgotten. There was Chas. W. Harris, to whose brief sojourn here we are indebted for Dr. Caldwell; there was Archibald D. Murphy, who afterwards became one of the most distinguished jurists and statesmen of the State; the Rev. William Bingham, of whom Chief Justice Taylor said, that as a teacher of a school he was well qualified to raise its reputation "by the extent of his acquirements, the purity of his life, and the judgment by which he accomodated the discipline and instruction of the school to the various talents and dispositions of the youth." There was Dr. Ethan A. Andrews, so well known for his classical labors; and Dr. Olmsted, who, as Professor of Natural Philosophy at Yale College, so greatly increased the reputation which he had established as Professor of Chemistry here; there was Nicholas M. Hentz, a learned man, but not so widely known as his accomplished wife, Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz; there was the Hon. Walker Anderson, who afterwards removed to Florida, and became Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of that State; there

was the Rev. Dr. Elisha Mitchell, whose varied, extensive and profound scientific acquirements were lost to the world a few years ago by a tragical event which sent a pang of sorrow to every votary of science throughout the land. The birth-place of Dr. Mitchell was Litchfield county, in the State of Connecticut. He was graduated at Yale College in the class of 1813, along with the Hon. George E. Badger, Dr. Olmsted, President Longstreet, Mr. Thomas P. Devereaux and Rev. Mr. Singletary. He came to Chapel Hill in January, 1818, as Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, and remained in that position until 1825, when he was transferred to the chair of Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology, which he continued to fill until his untimely death, in the month of June, 1857. He had a mind of great strength and originality, a very tenacious memory, an ardent thirst of knowledge of every kind, and was at the time of his death a man of more extensive and varied learning than any man in the State. The late Rev. Dr. Mason, of Raleigh, was the only person I know who approached him in that respect. With what ability and success he performed his various duties in connection with the University, many who are within the sound of my voice know full well. They know, too, the sad history of his death. He perished in the ardent pursuit of science, and his last resting place is on the highest mountain peak east of the Rocky Mountains. One of his pupils and friends has well said of it and him: "Before him lies the North Carolina he loved so well and served so faithfully. From his lofty couch, its hills and valleys melt into its plains as they stretch away to the shores of the eastern ocean, whence the dawn of the last day stealing quietly westward, as it lights the mountain-tops first, shall awake him earliest to hear the greeting of "Well done, good and faithful servant."

And finally, there was the Rev. Dr. James Phillips, who on the morning of the 14th of March, 1867, died in this chapel while the college bell was calling the students to morning prayers. He was born in England and educated at a military school, and then came, in the year 1818 with an elder brother, to this country. After engaging for a few years in teaching in New York, he came to this institution in 1826 as the successor of Dr. Mitchell in the chair of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. He was, what one of his biographers calls him, an

inexorable mathematician, and continued to teach the science in its various branches until his death. He was also a very accomplished classical scholar and a very learned divine; and no one will be surprised to hear that his sermons were, with many excellencies of an opposite character, deeply imbued with the exactness of the science which he loved so well. But those who were not intimate with him may be surprised to hear that he sometimes sacrificed to the muses, and that his family and friends were delighted with verses from his pen that would have done no discredit to a professed votary of the poetic art.

In referring to the instructors of the institution, the tutors should not be passed over without notice. Among the living and the dead, they have many very able and distinguished representatives. Among the living are ex-Judges Anderson Mitchell and Matthias E. Manly, ex-Secretary Jacob Thompson, Giles Mebane, Esq., and others whose names may yet swell the trump of fame. Among the dead I would point you to James Martin, afterwards a Judge of the Superior Courts; to Gavin Hogg, long one of the ablest lawyers of the State; to Lewis Williams, who was a member of the House of Representatives in Congress so long that he acquired the name of Father of the House; to William D. Mosely, for many years Speaker of the Senate in this State and afterwards Governor of Florida; to the Right Rev. James H. Otey, the able and learned Bishop of Tennessee; to the Rev. Joseph H. Saunders, whose early death cut short a bright career of usefulness in his church; to Edward D. Simms, whose growing reputation as a professor in the University of Alabama was closed by death before he had attained the meridian of his years; to Abraham F. Morehead, the youngest member of a distinguished family, who would doubtless have greatly increased the fame of that family, had he not died in the earliest dawn of manhood; to Hamilton C. Jones, Esq., a Reporter of the decisions of the Supreme Court and the author of the celebrated story of Cousin Sally Dillard; and to the late Hon. John M. Morehead, one of the most distinguished and ablest of our Governors. And last I name with peculiar sadness Samuel S. Jackson, Esq., and the victims of the late war George P. Bryan, Geoge B. Johnson, Robert W. Anderson, Iowa Royster, Peter E. Spruel William L. Alexander and Edward Graham Morrow.

From this hasty and imperfect sketch of the origin and history of our University and of the men connected with it as presidents, professors, and other instructors, it appears strongly and clearly that the founders of our republic and their successors, have always had a deep sense of the importance of a collegiate education. The inquiry is naturally presented, how far have their hopes been realized from this institution; in other words, with what measure of success has it been attended in promoting and advancing the cause of education and the weal of the State. A practical solution of this question may perhaps be obtained by ascertaining, if we can, what influence the men who received their education here have had upon the affairs of the general and State governments. One, if not the only way of ascertaining this is to see what confidence among their fellow citizens they have drawn upon themselves in being selected to fill posts of trust and honor. It is unnecessary, on this occasion, to go into minute details on this subject, but we can say in general, and say with certainty, that there is scarcely an office or place of profit or trust, or any position in the business of life, professional or non-professional, ecclesiastical or lay, military or civil, which has not been filled, time and again, by some one who has received his education in whole or in part, at this University. To the general government it has furnished one President of the United States, one Vice-President, at least five members of the Cabinet and six ministers to foreign courts while of the number which it has sent to the Congressional Senate and House of Representatives, it is difficult to make a reckoning. In the State government there is hardly any office which has not been filled by those who have gone forth from these halls. It has had, and still has, its representatives in the highest places of the State and the church, among the leaders of the bar, and in the chambers where suffering humanity most needs the aid of educated science and skill. It has supplied the banks and railroads with presidents, clerks and superintendents. It has sent its Alumni to explore mines and to construct railroads; and above all, and best of all, it has furnished to agriculture and commerce some of their most enlightened, energetic and skillful votaries.

It is unnecessary for me to bring to the attention of this audience more particularly the men whom our University has sent forth to act their parts in the world. It is only by the offices

which they have filled, or the places which they have occupied, that I have recalled them to your recollection. Many of them have paid the last great debt of nature, and gone to render to their Maker an account of their stewardship. Others are still living to perform, it may be, higher duties to their country, and to obtain greater rewards for themselves. Of these dead or living I have nothing further to say. But with the indulgence of the audience, I will occupy a few more moments in recalling from the dim recollections of the past the names of a few more, each of whom was regarded as the college genius of the day, and who, with well directed energies and a longer life, might have left a name which the world would not have willingly have let die.

William Cherry was a native of Bertie county, and was graduated here in the year 1800. While in College he was not a very diligent student, but his aptitude for learning was so marvelous that, it was said, he could prepare his lesson after the recitation bell had commenced ringing. Having selected the law as his profession, he had already obtained an extensive practice and a high rank at the bar when his career was cut short by death, at the early age of twenty-seven. Those who were engaged in practice with him, could not but wonder at the admirable manner in which he managed his causes, knowing as they did, that the time which he ought to have spent in the preparation of them, was passed at the card table and around the intoxicating bowl. A story is still remembered, that on one occasion, in the forgetfulness caused by a deep debauch, he opened an important cause by making a very able argument on the wrong side; but being made aware of his mistake just as he was about to close, he immediately, with admirable presence of mind, commenced a reply for his own client, by saying that the argument which he had just made was what he supposed would be urged by his opponent, and that he would proceed to answer it, and to expose its fallacy. Tradition, however, reports that his first argument was so masterly that he could not answer it successfully, and thus lost his cause.

About fifteen years after Mr. Cherry left the University a young man from the county of Nash was, with many others, suspended from college in consequence of what was long known as the great rebellion of 1816, which resulted in the expulsion of the leaders,

Messrs. George C. Drumgold and William B. Shepard, and the resignation of the President, Dr. Chapman. The expelled members both afterwards became distinguished men, but talented as they undoubtedly were, they were decidedly inferior in genius to their classmate and friend, Thomas N. Mann. He became a lawyer, and at the time when he fell a victim to consumption, while under thirty years of age, he was one of the best read and most profound lawyers in the State. Though so young, he was appointed by the then President of the United States as *Charge d' Affairs* to Central America, and died while on his way to the court of that country.

In the year 1824, Thomas Dews, a young man from the county of Lincoln, took his degree of Bachelor of Arts, dividing with Professor Simms, Judge Many and ex-Governor Graham the highest honor of the class. His parents were poor, and it is said resorted to the humble occupation of selling cakes for the purpose of procuring means for the purpose of procuring means for the education of their promising boy. After his graduation, he studied law ard commenced the practice with every prospect of eminent success, when, unhappily, a morbid sensitiveness of temperament, drove him to habits of intemperance, during one of the fits of which he came to an untimely end. His name, which ought to have gone down to posterity on account of great deeds achieved by extraordinary talents, will probably be remembered only in connection witn a happily turned impromptu epitaph. When ex-Governor Swain was at the bar, he was, on a certain occasion, at the same court with Messrs. James R. Dodge, Samuel Hillman and Thomas Dews. Mr. Swain had seen somewhere a punning epitaph on a man named Dodge, which ended with the couplet that

> "After dodging all he could
> He couldn't dodge the devil."

This he wrote on a piece of paper and handed it to the other members of the bar, whose merriment it very much excited. After a while it reached the hands of Mr. Dodge himself, who, seeing from whom it came, and supposing that Hillman and Dews were *participes criminis*, immediately wrote on the back of the paper the following:

"Here lie a Hillman and a Swain,
Their lot let no man choose;
They lived in sin and died in pain,
And the Devil has his Dews."

Those who are familiar with the playful and happy turn of thought and expression which distinguish the lighter writings of Washington Irving will not be surprised to learn that Mr. Dodge is his nephew.

The next and last college genius to whom I shall call attention was the late General James Johnston Pettigrew. Born in the county of Tyrrel, he was prepared for college at the celebrated school of William J. Bingham, a son of the Rev. William Bingham, already mentioned, and entered the Freshman Class here in the year 1843. His whole college course was a continual service of literary triumphs. In a class containg many members of more than ordinary talents, he was among the best, if not the very best, in all his studies; but mathematics was his specialty. In that he was *focile princeps*. After taking his Bachelor's degree, and after a short term of service in the Naval Observatory in Washington City, he selected the law as his grofession, and went to Europe to perfect himself in the department of it called the civil law. On his return, he settled in Charleston, and became connected in practice with his distinguished relative, the late Hon. James L. Pettigrew, who was perhaps the ablest and most profound lawyer in South Carolina. During his brief residence there he became one of the representatives of the city in the Legislature of the State. While a member of that body he greatly distinguished himself by sending in from a committee a minority report against a scheme then proposed for taking steps towards the re-opening of the slave trade. He himself constituted the minority, and his report was so profound in its views, and so convincing in its arguments, that the proposed measure failed to secure the sanction of the Legislature, though thoroughly argued in a report agreed upon by all the other members of the committee.

When the war broke out between the North and the South, he espoused the cause of his section of the country. After some service at Charleston, he came to this State, and was elected Colonel of one of its regiments, and was afterwards promoted to the rank

of Major General. Of his merits as a soldier and an officer it is unnecessary for me now to speak. His untimely death in a slight skirmish near the banks of the Potomac river, during Gen'l Lee's retreat from Transylvania, caused his friends and his country to deplore an event which extinguished the light of his genius long ere it had attained its meridian splendor.

My friends, my task is done, and no one can feel more sensibly than myself, how imperfectly the short time allowed for its preparation has enabled me to accomplish it. Indeed I could hardly have accomplished it at all without borrowing largely from an address which I delivered before the two literary societies of the University in 1865.

In the course of my address I have had occasion to speak of the depressed condition to which the late war had suddenly reduced our beloved University. Its declension was as great as it was sudden. Before the war, it had attained, in a very few years, a height of prosperity of which scarcely a parallel can be found in any country. In the extent and variety of its studies, the number and ability of its instructors, and the number of its students, it surpassed nearly all similar institutions in our section of the country, and was beginning to rival the old time-honored establishments of Yale and Harvard. In 1858 its catalogue showed a larger number of under-graduates than that of any other college in the United States, except Yale. All this success was accomplished in a very short time. A glance at the rapidly increasing ratio of its graduates will illustrate the truth of this remark. For the first ten years after the date in which degrees were conferred by the University, the number of students who received the Baccalaureate was 53; for the second decade it was 110; for the third 259; for the fourth 146; for the fifth 308; for the sixth 458; and for the seventh the annual number was going on at a rate which would have produced 882, nearly the double of that which immediately preceded it.

Another striking manifestation of the growing fame and the wide spreading influence of the University was afforded by the honor of having had among the visitors at each of the commencements of 1847, 1859 and 1867 the then Presidents of the United States and a part of his cabinet. On the first of these occasions one of her own sons, President Polk, came to greet his fair mother.

On the second, a stranger from a distant State, President Buchanan, came to do her honor; and on the last a native of this State, but an adopted citizen of her daughter, Tennessee, President Johnson, came to visit the only institution in the South which had not been compelled to suspend its exercises and close its doors during all the exigences of the war.

After this unwonted prosperity, we have seen that the results of the late war brought our University down to the depths of the lowest humiliation. With her resources all gone, her constitution changed and her energies paralyzed, she has been prostrate and exhausted until now, when under new auspices, we hope that she has started once more on the upward path to usefulness and honor. And we are here, on this auspicious occasion, to return our grateful acknowledgments to the Governor of the State and the Trustees of the University for the noble part which they have taken for the work. They have wisely and well prepared a scheme of exercises and a course of studies, and have selected suitable persons to carry out their plans. This they have done without reward, except the reward of consciousness of duty faithfully performed and the sense of the approbation of their fellow-citizens. We are here to welcome the Professors upon their advent into their new fields of duty, feeling confident that they have entered upon them with a firm determination to leave nothing undone which can advance the cause of sound learning, and make the University of North Carolina a blessing to the State and to the whole country. We hope they may live to see the in titution, which they found prostrate in the dust, risen to take rank among the greatest and best in the land. We are here to greet those students who have come to be a part and parcel of the great re-opening of the University. We would cheer them on in a hearty performance of all their duties, advising them to avoid all appearance of evil doing, and to make the school which they have chosen noted as well for their gentlemanly behavior as for their thorough proficiency in their studies. And lastly, we are here to-day for the purpose of planting the seed which may in time become a great tree, spreading its branches in mid-air and yielding fruit for the sustentation and delight of all the lovers of literature, science and art in the whole land.

EDITORIAL.

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THE PRICE OF KNOWLEDGE—ITS HEROES AND MARTYRS.

Has it ever occurred to the reader at what an immense cost much of the knowledge of the world has been obtained? We open a work of travels—Livingston's or Kane's for instance—and as we read the instructive narrative, and gather readily much information alike valuable and entertaining, do we stop to consider at what a price all this has been secured? Do we recall the large expenditure of time and money—the privations, sufferings, anxieties and even deaths that were incurred an order to reap this great harvest of information and knowledge? We fear the world but little appreciates the sacrifices made by bold and able men in the interests of human knowledge. And besides, there is so much unwritten history. Whilst we may learn something of the daring adventure, the true and unfaltering pursuit for knowledge, the intense suspense often, the fearful sufferings of body and mind, there still remains a vast deal that is not told. How many men have been forgotten—their names long ago obliterated—who fell martyrs to the cause of knowledge? Much that we know of the world has been gained for us by men who underwent the most terrible exposures and trials, many of them falling by the way. We are so apt to neglect or under-value what they have done. We will read of military heroes again and again with profoundest interest, and yet they were probably the scourges of humanity and caused only desolation and death. But the brave and hardy explorers in behalf of civilization, humanity and knowledge—the Bruces, the Mungo Parks, the Livingstones, the Booths, are remembered not so much for the great achievements as for some pleasing incident that breaks the ordinary thread of their story, or perhaps for some adventure that thrills because of its romantic and dangerous character. The truth is, so careless and ungrateful are mankind, that it is already a matter of considerable doubt who will go down to posterity with the most heroic recognition, the great traveller

Livingstone, or that newspaper hack, Stanley—the one a true martyr, and one of the most consecrated and heroic men of all the ages—the other an anventurous Bohemian who never rendered any service to science or knowledge only so far as he was instrumental in preserving a part of the life-record of the great African explorer.

Whilst we can but admire the intrepidity and devotion of those brave men who have risked the dangers of the Northern sea, we are inclined to doubt if the knowledge that can be gained can compensate for the loss of so many lives, for the outlay of so much money, and for the tremendous exposure and sufferings consequent upon such perilous adventures. And still, how unique, how fascinating, how stirring is the history of those explorations! Many a strong ship, with all of its immortals, have gone into those frozen seas never to return. We soon forget their services and their names. Probably not a half dozen of those bold seamen that died in the Northern sea are known to any man who may read this article. Sir John Flanklin you may know, but what other name can you recall? We think that the cost of all the knowledge thus far gained is too great. The progress of society often requires the sacrifice of victims, but it is not wise to obtain knowledge at too much price. The value of the knowledge to be gained should over-balance the cost of securing it. But let us honor the heroes and martyrs of science and knowledge, and thank God that he has endowed men with that spirit of consecration, daring and fortitude that has sent them forth into the grim wilderness and the trackless ocean to widen the domain of knowledge, to increase opportunities of usefulness, to enlarge the interests of men, and to carry the blessings of a true Christian civilization among the besotted and impure. It is surely a grand enterprise in which the children of men engage, when leaving home and friends they go out into trackless wastes and among savage and ignorant peoples, that the borders of knowledge may be enlarged and the light of truth may be advanced. To understand, to master, to bring the earth under his rule is one of the undertakings of man. All honor then to the world's great hero-martyrs.

T. B. K.

THE UNIVERSITY—THE COMMENCEMENT.

The friends of the State University have been much encouraged by the start that has been made in the work of resuscitation. The number of students now in attendance is greater than any one could have reasonably expected.

On the 16th September, after the lapse of many years, another Commencement was celebrated at Chapel Hill amid the ringing of bells and the rejoicings of many glad and tuneful hearts. The papers have contained full accounts of the proceedings. In order that the main incidents may be preserved in a permanent form, we will condense the descriptions, when we do not quote the exact language of Mrs. Spencer's interesting communication in the *N. C. Presbyterian*.

On the 16th September, a large crowd assembled at the College Chapel. It had been tastefully decorated for the occasion by the ladies of the town. Around the hall were hung the portraits of Presidents Caldwell and Swain, and Govs. Graham and Manly, Judges Ruffin and Gaston, and Drs. Hawks, Mitchell and Phillips. The Salisbury Band was present, and, at its own expense, furnished delightful music for the interesting occasion. Mrs. Spencer says:

"The Marshal of the day was John Hutchins, Esq., assisted by Mr. A. S. Barbee. When the procession reached the Chapel the rostrum was occupied by Gov. Brogden and Judge Battle the two Orators, and by Gov. Vance, Dr. Hooper, Dr. Phillips, and Profs. Mangum and Redd; the area in front by Trustees and visitors—one side under the galleries filled by the cadets of the Horner School; the other side by students of the University. The body of the building was filled as in the old days with ladies, and part also of the galleries, which were literally packed with visitors and neighbors from the county. When all were quiet, the Band struck up "*Auld Lang Syne*." This melting strain brought tears to eyes unused to weep. The occasion, the surroundings, the associations were all deeply touching—it was hard to say whether pleasure or pain for the moment predominated."

The venerable and eminent Rev. W. Hooper, D. D. LL. D., now in his eighty-fourth year, and who was graduated at the University some sixty-six years ago, offered a most devout, sweet and affecting prayer. Prof. Redd announced the opening hymn which was composed by Mr. W. A. Betts, which was sung to the

old tune "Coronation." Prof. Phillips then introduced Gov. Brogden. Mrs. S. says:

Gov. Brogden's address was a success—well conceived, well delivered, and full of good sense and information. The importance of thorough mental training, the progress making in other States and other lands, the great and glorious future of our country calling for the best professional and technical training for her sons,—the splendid liberality with which Northern millionaires were responding to this call by their munificent gifts to their colleges,—and finally a spirited survey of the contrast our country presents at this day with what it was at the close of the Revolution, and an appeal to the students of the University to rise to the full level of the requirements of the age. These were the Governor's topics."

Gov. Vance next briefly addressed the audience in a happy strain, closing his remarks by introducing Judge Battle, and was timely and touching. Mrs. S. says:

"He gave a brief history of the College—the objects of those who gave their means to establish it on a sure foundation—of its growth and final great prosperity, and of the influence it has exerted upon the history and reputation of our State. This he illustrated by rapid sketches of the men who have been foremost in State and Church—and of those whose portraits surrounded him as he spoke. To them he could point his audience—their lives, their best work had been here—or were the fruit of the training received here."

Prof. Mangum next read the closing hymn, written for the occasion by the intellectual and accomplished Mrs. Spencer, daughter of the late Prof. James Phillips, to whom the eloquent gentleman paid a graceful and deserved compliment. We copy the hymn:

Eternal Source of light and truth!
To Thee again our hearts we raise;
Except Thou build and keep the house,
In vain the laborer spends his days.

Without Thine aid, in vain our zeal
Strives to rebuild the broken walls;
Vainly our sons invoke the Muse
Among these sacred groves and halls.

From off Thine altar send a coal
As burning seraphs erst have brought;
Relight the flames that once inspired
The faithful teachers and the taught.

Pour on our path th' unclouded light
That from Thy constant favor springs;
Let heart and hand be strong beneath
The shadow of Almighty wings.

Recall, O God! the golden days,
May rude unfruitful Discord cease;
Our sons in crowds exulting throng
These ancient haunts of white-robed Peace.

So shall our upward way be fair
As that our sainted fathers trod;
Again the "Priest and Muse" declare
The Holy Oracles of God.

"Old Hundred" was the tune to which these words were sung "with heart and voice." Then came the benediction and the cheerful and pleasing exercises were ended. May this Commencement Day be the forerunner of a thousand such happy days in the history of North Carolina's University! The two old societies, the Dialectic and Philanthropic, were re-organized and began anew a life of usefulness and honor, as we trust.

And now we must copy a some suggestive paragraphs from a true friend of the University. Col. W. L. Saunders, one of the editors of the Wilmington *Journal*, in a recent article in his paper, in which he gives an interesting account of the plan of studies adopted at the University now, remarks:

"The University, as re-organized, is not merely the University of the olden time. It is that, and it is much more than that. The interpretation now given to the words, all useful learning, is no longer narrow and contracted, but broad and comprehensive, and correctly so.

Latin and Greek and pure mathematics now lack very much of being the sum of all useful learning. There is very much other learning that is useful, and that needs to be promoted and encouraged, nowhere so much as at the University of the State. Let no one despise or effect to despise either Latin or Greek, or Mathematics. They have a value and a very great one is it, but upon the principles of doing the greatest good to the greatest number. It seems clear that they should not monopolize the time of students at Chapel Hill.

This would be a correct view of the case at any time, but certainly it is so at the present time, owing to the impoverished condition of our people. The old theory was, that colleges were not intended to impart the technical knowledge of any profession, but merely to train and discipline the mind so that afterwards

professional studies might be entered upon to much advantage. Latin and Greek and Mathematics were found to answer this purpose admirably. The result was, that after graduating, a young man had no professional knowledge whatever, although he had his mind in admirable condition for the acquisition of such knowledge, and, as a matter of course, other years were necessarily to be devoted to the study of his profession before he could enter upon its practice. But Latin and Greek are not the only studies that train and discipline the mind. The very studies necessary to the mastery of a profession may be used also to train and discipline the mind, and thus by serving a double purpose, save both time and money.

There have always been, from various causes, a large number of young men whose command of time and money has been too limited to permit them to spend four years at college in training their minds, and then to devote other years to the acquirement of the technical knowledge necessary to be acquired before entering upon the practice of a profession. To meet the wants of such, the courses of study has been much enlarged and an option given to select such studies only as might bear upon the particular profession intended to be followed, thereby enabling a student to acquire professional knowledge, while in the process of training and disciplining the mind.

It was to meet this very condition of things that the Faculty desired and the Trustees adopted the present course of study for the University upon its reorganization. There are now five courses open to a student at the University.

The arts course, which comprises substantially the Latin and Greek studies of former times and most admirably adopted, it is too, for those who have the time and means to devote to the acquisition of a classical education.

2. The scientific course, which, as its name indicates, is specially adapted to the wants of those who prefer modern science to ancient classics.

3. The Agricultural course which enhances such studies as are necessary to an intelligent understanding of the business of farming.

4. The Optional course in which a student may select for himself such studies as he may desire to pursue, the only requirement being that his whole time shall be occupied. For example, if a man desires to perfect himself in Chemistry or Agriculture, he will, as a student of the Optional course, be permitted to devote his whole time to that study, and so of Civil Engineering, of Mining, &c.

5. The fifth and most difficult of all, is that necessary to be gone through in order to secure the degree of Master of arts.

It will be seen from the above that the University, as at present organized, seeks to meet the wants of every class of students."

We regard this scheme as wise and prudential, under the circumstances. A University for all classes—that is an excellent idea. "The greatest good for the greatest number" is one of the axioms of a wise writer on political economy. Col. Saunders says:

"This is an institution we seek to build up—one that will make its benign influence felt by all classes of men throughout the State, and when the greatest good will be done to the greatest number, by encouraging all useful learning, and not one intended only for the manufacture of mere classical scholars."

From the auspicious beginning we may well anticipate a bright and glorious future for the University. We do not doubt that in two years there will be as many students at Chapel Hill as were found there fifty years after its first organization. T. B. K.

A HISTORY FOR SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.

The writer has long been satisfied that an important *desideratum* was a "History of North Carolina for Schools and Families, from 1564 to 1860." He has been often asked for such a work and has been compelled to reply that there was no such book written. We greatly need a compendium out-line history of our State, to be comprised in a duodecimo volume of not more than four hundred pages. For years the writer has endeavored to pursuade others to attempt the labor, but as yet no one has been found who will enter upon the preparation of such a long needed work. He has resolved to undertake the writing of such a history. In a short time, as soon as he can collect the necessary books, he will begin his labors, and hopes to have the history ready for the press in eighteen months or two years at the farthest. The work will progress as rapidly as his other literary labors will allow, as he will retain his place as the chief contributor to OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD. His address is Oxford, N. C.

T. B. KINGSBURY.

P. S.—If he should be spared to complete this undertaking, he hopes then to enter upon another work to which he will devote many years, if his life should be protracted so long, "A History

of North Carolina for Libraries, from 1564 to 1860," to be contained in two Octavo volumes of some 500 pages each. This work will probably not appear under eight years, as he can only devote a portion of working hours to such an undertaking.

WONDERFUL PRECOCITY.

One of the most interesting characters in English literature is Thomas Chatterton "that marvellous boy, who perished in his pride." In this department we will not enter upon any discussion of his mental habitudes and development. Our purpose is only to call attention to a poem of remarkable merit considering the age of the author at the time it was written. It is probably superior to any poem ever written at so premature an age.

The life and death of Chatterton are a study. The *Edinburg Review* avers that they "will be the lasting honor and indelible disgrace of the eighteenth century." He has been called the "mad boy," but there was indeed splendid "method" in his "madness." His fame chiefly rests upon his unique and admirable poems which he palmed off upon his credulous and unsuspecting age as the productions of Rowley, an imaginary or real monk of an age preceding Chatterton by three hundred years or more. But there is high merit in other production than those professedly belonging to the Rowleyan MSS. Some of his earlier and later poems are uncommonly good, and stamp his as an extraordinary genius.

According to Robert Southey the following poem was written by Chatterton when he was only *eleven* years of age. It cannot be read without astonishment. It certainly bears testimony to the precocious genius of one who displayed very uncommon powers a few years later. Of this poem the *Edinburg Review* said many years ago: "When harmony and ease of expression are contrasted with the author's boyhood, inexperience and want of instruction," these stanzas must "appear almost miraculous." Every pious spirit as well as cultivated mind will be pleased to see them.

A HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

WRITTEN BY THOMAS CHATTERTON AT ELEVEN YEARS OF AGE.

Almighty Framer of the skies,
O let our pure devotion rise
  Like incense in thy sight!
Wrapt in impenetrable shade,
The texture of our souls were made,
  Till thy command gave light.

The Sun of glory gleamed the ray,
Refined the darkness into day,
  And bid the vapours fly:
Impelled by His eternal love,
He left His palaces above,
  To cheer our gloomy sky.

How shall we celebrate the day
When God appeared in mortal clay
  The mark of worldly scorn,
When the Archangel's heavenly lays
Attempted the Redeemer's praise,
  And hailed Salvation's morn.

T. B. K.

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

COMPILED BY T. B. KINGSBURY.

Number 7.

89. "A few more such victories, and I am ruined."

—*Pyrrhus, King of Epirus.*

NOTE.—This was said by him after he had defeated with very heavy loss the Romans at Herachea, in 280 B. C.

90. "But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh, save me from the candid friend."

—*George Canning in Antijacobin.*

91. "They order," said I, "this matter better in France."

—*Lawrence Sterne's Sentimental Journal.*

92. "Thought the moon was made of green cheese."

—*Rabelais.*

93. "He thought everything was gold that glitters."

—*Ibid.*

94. "He always looked a given horse in the mouth."

—*Ibid*

95. "When the steed was stolen would shut the stable door."
—*Ibid.*

96. "Robbing Peter he paid Paul."
—*Ibid.*

97. "He did make a virtue of necessity."
Ibid.

98. The brilliant chief, irregularly great,
Frank, haughty, rash,—the Rupert of debate.
—*Lord Lytton's New Temin.*

99. "Through thick and thin."
—*John Dryden.*

100. "She walks the waters like a thing of life."
—*Byron's Corsair.*

101. 'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't.
—*Byron's English Bards.*

102. "She was his life,
The ocean to the river his thoughts."
—*Byron's Dreams.*

103. "A change came o'er
The spirit of my dream."
—*Ibid.*

104. "Our country, may she always be right; but right or wrong, our country."
—*Commodore Stephen Decatur.*

NOTE—This was the toast he drank at Norfolk, Va., where he was honored with a public dinner.

105. "'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery is the food of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit,
Will condescend to take a bit."
—*Swifts' Cadenus and Vanessa.*

106. "Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no fibs."
—*Oliver Goldsmith.*

107. "No pent up Utica contracts your powers."
Jonathan M. Sewell.

108. "Look before you, ere you leap."
—*Butler's Hudicras.*

NOTE—Ordinarily misquoted—"Look before you leap."

109. "Count their chickens ere they're hatched."
—*Ibid.*

110. "Classic ground."

—*Joseph Addison.*

111. "A good hater."

—*Dr. Johnson.*

112. "Not much the worst for wear."

—*William Cowper.*

113. "Hath given hostages to fortune."

—*Lord Bacon.*

114. "Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

—*Thomas Seward.*

NOTE—Probably another version of this saying is that which occurs in "Kierarchie of the Blessed Angells" that appeared in 1635:

"Seven cities warred for Homer being dead,
Who living had no roof to shroud his head."

115. "I thought of Chatterton, the marvelous boy,
The sleepless Soul that perish'd in his pride."

—*Wordsworth's Resolution and Independence.*

116. "The good old rule
Sufficeth then, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

—*Wordworth's Rob Roy's Grave.*

117. "Small Latin and less Greek."

Ben Jonson.

NOTE—This saying occurs in "rare Ben's" famous and noble tribute to the greatest of all men. It was prefixed to the folio edition of Shakspeare's plays that appeared in 1623—some seven years after the poet's death.

THE CONFEDERATE DEAD.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Gather the sacred dust
Of the warriors tried and true;
Who bore the flag of our nations trust,
And fell in the cause, though lost, still just,
And died for me and you.

ONLY

Recognizing the fact that many of our farmers and countrymen have been subscribing to Northern Newspapers owing to the fact that they were furnished at the small cost of $1.20 a year, we have, in order to counteract this severe blow to journalism in North Carolina, placed the subscription price of the Weekly News at the **very low price of One Dollar a year,** believing that the good people of our State

ONE

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DOLLAR

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